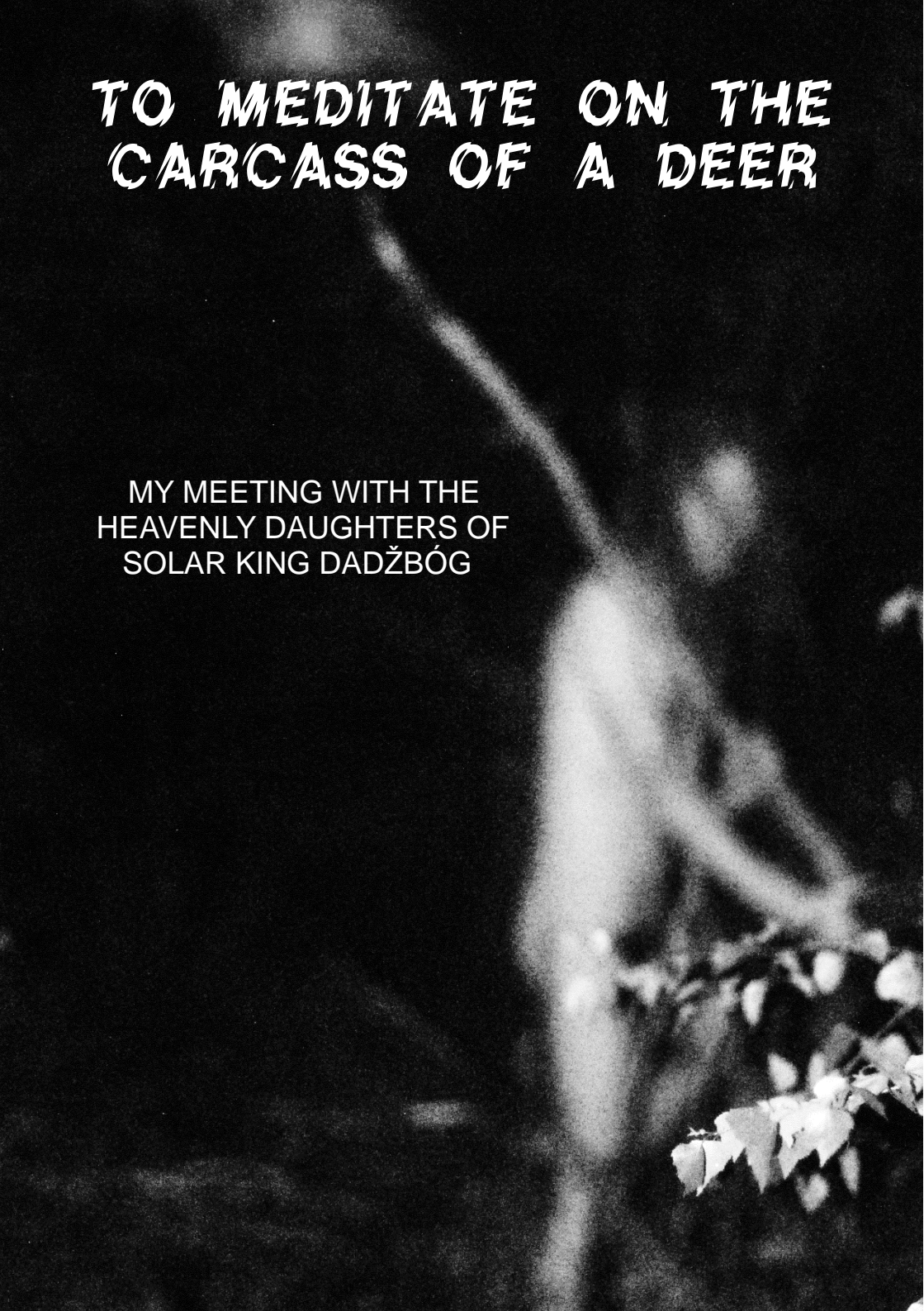


# TO MEDITATE ON THE CARCASS OF A DEER

MY MEETING WITH THE  
HEAVENLY DAUGHTERS OF  
SOLAR KING DADŽBÓG



*my passionate homage  
to Lautréamont*

*written in Vänge,  
Luthagen, Söderfors,  
Gamla Uppsala & Sävja  
Between 2012 and 2018*

# I. The Deer Carcass

The sun stands in zenith when I wake up. It is right in my face, big and warm and glowing. It is full and luscious – pregnant with opulent light, it showers the still landscape and cloaks it in a beautiful shroud. I feel warm and my blood is boiling, my skin is hot. There is a cough I cannot get rid of and my nose is thick and clogged with snot. I must have slept a long time. My fingertips feel good on the moss and my back weirdly does not ache and crack from the rough ground. My head though, is slightly heavy and the mind inside it is still a dense, clouded mess. Like some machine raw in the morn from nocturne frost, I need to rouse myself, start working the engine slowly – but this is no ordeal. I think my soul thawed with the ground itself from the frost of night this morning. I feel relaxed. Sun, beautiful sun, how frail yet stern your awesome powers are! I lie for some moments just to catch it – the sun, the warmth. It feels rewarding like a gift. Kind and warm and punishing at the very same time, like the best of mothers are. In the very moment I lift slightly the lids of my eyes from the crust keeping them shut and grimy – it is unpleasant, I feel dirty. Penetrating rays of light explode my cornea and I am forced to yet close my eyes. The brightness which conquers human vision! The blazing morning sun bursting onto the eye. And in a moment pathetic I imagine for myself a little day-dream there in the morning sun as I lay still on my back: is this perhaps how it felt on that legendary day, somewhere on the brittle road to Damascus? At least something akin to it? Or am I silly for thinking it? Oh well. I still do, no matter whether it is or whether it is not! I dwell on this for the fewest moments – on the untraversable, beautiful phantasmagoria of light exploding outward from a sun aflame above the earth up there. I ponder its implications for man and world, and even yet, if it was to disappear, smolder away, coalify. My eye-lids flicker some more, trying to adapt to the yellow brightness. Three-four-five blinks. Six blinks, seven blinks. I am yet too taken aback by the confusions and cognitive dubieties of being fresh out of sleep to be of any serious mental caliber, and besides, I am too seduced by the summer morning to feel any urgency of motion, yet I cannot help but remark a foggy contour in the very edge of my right eye. I cannot discern its nature but it is getting clearer by every second – by way of sheer automation my clenched hands rub my eyes from grime and filth, and my eyes blink fast again, three times, four times, five times, so that I may focus and direct my vision onto the fogginess, the weird contour. And there it is. I see it clearly now. I erect myself from the ground in an instant, and I stare at something that wasn't there yesternight – I am sure of it. How could I miss such a thing a mere meter away? That's right – I could not. It is impossible, and this fact makes me feel sick and mad at the same time; an eerie feeling flood over me. In front of me, partially

obscured by the bleak shadows cast by majestic oak, a deer carcass sprawls like a whore of nature upon a satin bed of sinuous roots and warm pads of soil. For what seems to be many long days and nights – given the state of decay – it has been venerated by insect and scavengers in nature’s own fleshly church, and many parasites now claim it their dwelling. Offensive gasses emit from its swollen body through every orifice. The cadaver has leaked profusely, and the ground, unable to drink every drop of it, has become tainted with an ugly discolor of death. Just above its head there are numerous moss-covered stones in a variety of sizes, the largest one being roughly comparable to the size of the deer’s cranium. The rock has a red splattering on it, and the cranium is visibly cracked from the impact. Shards and fragments of bone and brain dry on the rock in the sun. The neck is discolored in some kind of wet-looking blackness and is set upon by wild teeth. Maggots squirm in hideous, gelatinous masses in and around the teeth-marks, and above the carrion oaken twigs arch eerily, framing the morbid scene in a sense of solemnity and grace funereal. Cloudings of buzzing flies swarm and scatter around gaping holes in the deer’s tattered flesh and beetles feel welcomed in the foul whiff of its putrescinal atmosphere as if goers of church on the eve of Christ’s Mass! And around it reaches wide a beautiful greenery – untouched meadows, sprawling natural flowerbeds, rocks and moss and mushrooms. The fluttering of butterflies and the bumblebee-sounds vibrate the hairs of my seekers’ cochlea! Flowers encircle the deathly mass in a way that makes me, by way of spiritual intuition, question the aleatory nature of it – I feel mad and confused. The luscious green ground frames so gracefully that black hole of death in the middle of it, and what is beauty if not a stream of summer lilies meandering like a creek of fresh water around the deadness! Around this beautiful death’s cadaver flowers dance. And it surely feeds the thought that it is somehow arranged by some mystic spark of aesthetic genius... because it is beautiful to me! And this beauty seems not the work of any mortal intelligence but I think it is imbued constitutively in nature itself... a flash of conscious animism amid acres and acres of seeming chaos and disorder; a bright light, like a second moon, over dark logs and swamps in the deep forest. I snap out of it, but I am not panicked. Even though I consider the rational implications of this, I feel calm in its ephemeral presence. And I think something was tried to be said to me. Was there a message in blood, written on the moss-canvas and white cranium-bone, and on fungal, murky wood? Yes, there was – and I think I caught it!

I stare at the deer’s cadaver. I cannot do much else. There is a senseless, profound attraction. Around me, the forest awakes with increasing murmur and an emergent natural lighting beautiful. Beast and fowl alike unite in cacophonous vociferations from the bush, its vicious echoes shoot like spears

over many rock and stone scattered as if emptied from a heavenly sack by a God in senile dementia. Fallen, old logs create dwellings for the slimy and tall trees are nests of warrior-birds all around. Eyes, ravenous, of bestial predation, scour the unhinged wilderness and I must entertain the thought: is it all handcrafted by a God so maddened and driven to hopelessness by its own paradoxical nature as to create a natural world directly in mimicry and reflection of its own contradictory constitution? As if a punishment! It had never been clearer to me, the overwhelming contrastfulness of these old, haunting woodlands. The psycho-synthesis of fear and reverence creates a beast of love and passion, so in war also in me. And to the introspective and elemental way in which my thoughts unfolded around this brightening reality, I could merely genuflect: in front of the, on one hand, most amazing and scenic beauty, the green and lush nature... and on the other, a most sad and dark vision, the rotting cadaver – which, united in antediluvian matrimony – we call the natural world... death and life bundled in eternity!

Currents of reflective thoughts take me in their hold – I am their captive now. Locked inside the cell am I, of inward rumination – and I stare into the darkness with my eyes shut firmly. I can still clearly smell the morbid effluvia of the carcass even though my nostrils have adapted to a significant degree. The cold eyes of the deer carcass are blank, fixated and lonely, and there is not life in them, not a bit, but an almost human quality to them I feel in spite of this. And the eyes are as well peculiarly dilated, as if the animal sank into death in a moment of excruciating terror (or perhaps even extreme bliss!) subjected to the rush of cataclysmic emotion I think only a human could feel (but on the other hand: how could I know such a thing?). The animal exhibits an expression with an emotive depth far transgressing that of its animal constituency. It scares me. It speaks to me through its eyes... but not words – feelings. And then I see it: the eyes of the carcass are not those of a deer but of a human... and not only are they human – I simply cannot find command to look another way, even if I wanted to. I need gazing into these human eyes, lifeless eyes for reasons unbeknownst! I stare madly. I get vertiginous. When I look into them, reality distorts as if trapped in diphenhydramine dungeon where everything is cold, bleak, possibly evil. They speak a language no words can do justice, and they evoke questions, *dragons*, and these dragons are *ignivomous*, they breathe fire, for their every answer is too hot to touch. The whole facial expression of the dead animal, it seems to me, bears a depth of paroxysm worthy of the complexity of only the human soul. The eyes have sunken into its exposed, crow-pecked cranium and are watery and blank, and yet in the midst of all this blatant absence and within these corrosive mists of death's dense stench, they seem to tell everything.

These eyes express anguishes and torments of whole genocides, yes – I see the qualia of pain concentrated in these beast pupils! But these are not human eyes; these are the eyes of a dead animal, I must remind myself – and it is harrowing, it is confusing, and it is freaking me out.

This whole scene is one of opposites. I silently mutter something unimportant for myself, careful not to disturb the serenity and calm, almost solemn, atmosphere of the scene into which I have clumsily stepped in the most humanly way possible. Surely, the world was not created to bring us clarity and happiness, but eternal confusion and doubt... I feel that now, I understand it more than ever. The feeling is eerie, I can not shake it. I stare into the eyes, and the eyes stare back, though dead, though somehow alive. I conclude in the face of death itself, afront this aesthetic representation of Death, my newfound feeling and insight! That is my sincere reflection – I boil in the marmites of a feeling too human to to be worldly, and I worship death when I see it; like I do right now, right in this very moment. And since my feeling and my sensibility is not rather worldly in this solemn hour of death, not mine but the animal's, I am not rather comfortable in this earthly frame I call my body... in this moment I do not at all want to be in rags, and I do not at all want to bear words, a tongue and a conscience – even consciousness itself seemed a burden – but I wanted to arouse myself only in the religious eminency of Death, and I want to feel the smell of it even though it disgusts me. And I want to poke it with my bare fingers even though I feel the vomit rising like flood-water in my esophagus by doing so... and I feel no longer irritation towards the blowflies but great relation, which to me was immensely bedazzling and arousing... I leaned forward, moving closer to the cadaver's brutalized and gnawed-upon head, captivated by the extremely concentrated presence of life in its eyes amid this paradoxical atmosphere of life's total absence... and it was mesmerizing! Death is really beautiful. Inspiring, soothing even. And as if with the passing of one single second, I become a taphonomist; a free-lancing coroner; a thanatologist with the sole purpose of unexplainable and intuitive curiosity – without boundary! And I do not necessarily respect the *dead*, that I must say, because not only heroes, but also devils, die. I always respect death. But the dead I can not per default respect – some corpses are rightful latrines of vengeful heroes, and some are the beautiful future soil of beautiful future flowers... I feel that respect is earned even in death and it is never a given. We all end and it is nothing special about that at all. And respect should be reserved for specialty. No man nor beast can righteously demand respect merely for having ended. If you lived a sinful life then your corpse is not at all holy to me, and at will, I may ravage it with violence and art.

I can say this: I have a morbid interest in the cadaver before me, and I feel a very personal form of romanticism about it. With it, I shall do what I want to do – for I wield the daggers of existentialism in the air around me! But at this very moment, I want now simply to revere it. And I am responsible. I am condemned. I am dying. And I have fallen to knees before it: I become a receptor of most acute existential alienation and I am perplexed by my own revelatory confrontation with this Death: I feel the blow-flies tickle my skin and I start to reckon the culmination of a wholly new side of myself I have begun to explore and cultivate only throughout the last few years of my unspectacular life! And ugliness to me has become as beautiful as anything beautiful is beautiful, and the word “attraction” does no longer speak of merely the attractive but has grown to encompass also the ugly, for even the disgusting and gut-wrenching face of Death, which is the meanest face, I gravitate towards! I need kissing it! I find overwhelming beauty in the world on a regular basis, so, in an apparent attempt at maintaining emotional and spiritual balance, I seek the very opposite (which I surely think of as a successful operation of introspective self-therapy). Where the fragrant flowers bloom in thousands and the sun showers its earth in opulence, I am attracted to the piles of dead leaves... perhaps I can find and talk to the hedgehog down there, spiked little champion of isolation and solitude!

I shove rotten verdures down my throat until leaves become ashen on my parched palate, and where butterflies sip nectar from the flowers I rear away, seeking worms! Where the petals of life's sumptuous lotus spew forth torrential spouts of chlorophyll, I stand over them, and in my bleak shadow they shrivel to tiny bits of blackness! A sulphur cascade down-falling, urinate do I on the ground – symbolic act of rebellion and defiance...

I want to inflict trauma to my cranium, like a big bulge – or, if I am strong enough – a hole, gaping, for you attained such damage yourself in the happening of your death, and that will be the blueprint, always, for my devotional suicide! I feel much humble in the presence of something dead. It rouses nostalgic thoughts in me and I remember, as if in a dream, vaguely, my first authentic brush with the darkness and the eminency of death: I was walking in the forests of my childhood with my mother and we stumbled upon a great elk carrion. I remember being so struck by it and I have been possessed ever since. It was so big and disgusting, yet look away I could not. Yes, as a child I was brought before the Great Elk, deathly scholar! He is all-powerful, and he spoke to me. I remember it now. The deer carcass reminds me. I have been caught in the rancidity of his breath and I have considered it my haven. Before his symbols and before the heraldry of death I have genuflected loyally: he has spoken – and I have written down. I consider this book a transcribed sermon of the Great Elk, and from this sermon I have learned a very complicated lesson of life and death... which is that suicidal ideation for me always was an affirmation of

absolute freedom rather than a desperate expression of some depressive hysteria, and when my time comes, and when I shall commit myself to my suicide as to complete existence once and for all, it will not be out of a loathsome spite towards the Self or the ego. I will not run the errands of negative self-destructivity, at least not as an end in itself but rather as a curious and powerful route of magic, ecstasy and transformation! A suicide with power and incitement always seemed to me better than a death with a complete lack thereof. And that is how I want to die – with power. And I want to complete myself piece by piece, minute by minute, second by second, brick by brick, thought by thought, as to chase this radical summit of life.

A religious person must worship death in some sense. Many do it out of fear and trembling. So do I, but I choose to do it actively and at will also. I greet suicide as the final piece of the puzzle. Suicide per spiritual definition is the final, violent and decisive re-conquest of autonomy. Through my suicide I force my subjective design, authenticity and integrity, onto the world. I am a kidnapper pulling a bag over the head of my victim, I snatch it from safe grounds... and the victim is the world itself, and my design is a peculiar design indeed, for my design permits and sometimes glorifies even the most appalling aggressions towards the so-called sanctity of life! Yes, I have made up my mind on this matter: my violent strike into this world will be gruesome. Not only by way of suicide but also of violence and art. Where the world began and where the first drop of blood poured from a slashed vein of the primordial one, O Mighty Elk – there I belong. It shall become truly the summit of my existence, and thorns will grow around me as to break the roads to pieces; nettles shall stain the cobble-stones of my fortresses and the brambles of sickness shall come up all around my gardens, and they shall sting in the reflection of my eyes! And I shall drink from the goblet the wine from the tree in the very center of that garden, and my wine shall be concocted with the fang-spit of dragons, the venom of mythical asps...

## **II. Farewell to the Deer**

After the morbid encounter from which I had felt such magnetism of some altogether another world, I strayed further into the woods, leaving the deer carcass behind me. I had had enough, I was exhausted, and the sun was setting. The meditations were over – I did not want to disturb any longer – and my eyes hung from their swollen sockets. Around them a reddening of the skin was noticeable, and I had scratches over my body. It looked as if my pale flesh had been beset by nocturnal fangs and clawed by rodent-paws and marshland reptiles... from noxious cadaverous fumes I had grown dizzy, and I recall



thinking that perhaps the corpse-bugs found me dead enough to infest, too. It surely felt like it, at least. But that was many days ago, now. Since, I have traversed many leagues of inhospitable taiga and I have listened to wolves and wolverines at nightfall by the flames of my fire, scaring me. I have gone my way, and the carcass went its way. And today, this morning, I am dog-tired and I am weary after nights of disturbed sleep – nightmarish ordeals – and my feet are dragging behind as if locked in heavy copper manacles. The matted coils of greasy hair protruding from my itching scalp is sticking annoyingly to my face and my eyes are smudged with beige secrete after the rough sleep. My breath feels pestilent, miasmatic almost, and it would be poisonous to the lips of a loved one – noxious, corrosive... and just like my heart, I ponder... for a pungent foulness exudes therefrom that I am not at all comfortable with! And the travel, the forest journey I find before me I am not altogether comfortable with either! I agitate myself, my scars itch, a vision occurs! The heart of the earth appears before me in a web-like cluster of moss and lichen, yet to be slit and punctured by the dagger I so wield in my white hand, these clutched fingers! A dagger of diamond and a leather Moroccan!

I thought I had explored the forests of my home-lands in quite great detail over the 25 years of my life, but I must have been wrong – I am senseless and adrift now. A sexton I have been for this primeval boreal church, wandering about, ever so often focused, ever so often aloof, on many different days through-out my life, up until I left. It is true I have walked my dog along winding stomped trails since the earliest years of my upbringing, and I have ambushed moose and deer in my hunting campaigns as a hungry teen; I have built huts, I have slept under the starry sky and I have leapt over dried rivers of woe, the Pyriphlegethon, the Acheron, the Leche and whatever the other ones are called. I have rested along the cairns raised by ancient blood-and-soil ancestors. I have toiled with fresh fish over my shoulder along the rocky, harsh riparian milieu of its rapid-filled rivers, but I have never seen this part of the forest. It mystifies me. I know these woodlands inside and out, I do... I do.

Do I? I doubt.

These trees gleam with strangeness... I am no longer at home. The insight strikes me, I horripilate, my skin goes cold and sensitive. I let go a heavy breath, a sigh, a short smile. I look up – God smiles too. My steps are heavier than yesterday and the air feels denser. Colder, damper. I chip more and more in order to take breaths and it becomes more frightening with each and every one, as if I am ascendant to some great and mountainous plateau. The air filters through the grossness of my palate and becomes distilled of its natural freshness; it is alchemized to green and pungent vapor. A cloud of some black, sullied neon forms in the strained breathings of exhaled air and the hairs on my arm bristle in the morning cold. The ground is frozen in wreaths of hoarfrost and the sudden,

strange drop of temperature from yesterday is baffling to my senses, and in the wake of this thought I shiver in body and mind. There is an uncanny atmosphere, an ambiance of natural Nordic melancholy convolving these woodlands now, a dismal fogginess, a foreboding imminence startling and unsettling, and the landscapes have shifted accordingly, along the lines of these, my eerie impressions. The terrain is churlish now – hundreds of robust roots, stumpy and sinuous and like serpents fleeing a scolding earth penetrate the frost-bitten soil and reach like murky antennas towards a bitter sky exploded with a matted, lifeless, sullen coloring... like old lead it reflects the shining of the sun, and what comes of that disgraceful light is heavy and burdensome and not rather beautiful, and it is sure to evoke a dense gloominess of the soul. Gone is the fragrance and the opulence, the softness of the scenic wanderings of yesterweek, and gone is the warbling of the larks followed by hoarse answers from crows and magpies. Gone are the deep green verdures and the redness of their abundance of berries. Where is my luscious , warm forest? I want it back, and I miss mother for the first time. The moist, mossy ground covered in delightful, edible mushrooms seems to have sunken deep into subterranean caverns beneath, as if undermined by a malignant magnetism of nature... the sprawling growth of the ground – an animal's banquet in which I too have been reveling – seems now to have withered inexorably and unexplainably, as if under the cosmic nigrescence and reversion of a mighty sun... and it is an outright curse and horror! I hear the wailing of seagulls as clear as I have down the docks of our greater ports and cities, but I am in the middle of a forest. The sound of waves crashing into the stone shore and the sound of winds gusting about the open, endless, watery expanse. I must be going insane. I have not seen water in these God-forsaken boondocks for days! I no longer find lusciousness in the soil I tramp, but death, death and death! And no water... and I love it as much as I feel bothered by it, but mostly I am terrified and mostly that feeling of love and admiration I can only access in mere, passing glimpses of personal power. What goes around comes around, right? Stupid me. I am really scared. Is this not what I sought? Stupid, naive boy. That is why I ventured in the first place, and that is why I was so eager to interpret the deer carcass as a sort of guide, or confirmation even, of my journey. I wanted so much to find meaning in the deer, and so I did. And I continued in the straight direction of the eyes of the carcass of that deer, not breaking line since, and now I must have gone a hundred thousand stades – or more! And to where has that taken me? This is far away from home and I am completely alone. My trees, my trails, my village, my mother, my father, my air – gone. Gone, gone and gone. Where are the majestic oaks hanging like protective shelters with their heavy, sap-clad twigs in arches above my head? But eternal rows of weather-bitten pine befall my vision! The seagull's calling beckons... and it is a pain of uncertainty! And of confusion. The legacy of even

a million human footsteps disperses into nothingness out here, yet I hear the thunderous rolling of ocean-waves. The trail ends here, and it does so in entropic oceans of nature! And ocean! I see it now... I stand by the eagles' nest atop a cliff – endless chasm I behold. The mother Albatross is scouring, I see it now with easy, clear eyes – azure, mighty ocean! Relief or terror, I can not tell!

### **III. O Tiamat!**

Tiamat! Grant me the clearing of mists around your bights and rugged cliffs as to let me steer and navigate and return to the coast of my upbringing!

I have seen not all the fathoms of your depth but indeed I have seen enough to want to die in it, to want to dissolve in it, and to want to drown in the brine of you, primordial and majestic salamander! I have found that when we talk about the seven seas, we fool ourselves, because there is only one sea, and it is yours: yes, the great ocean is in reality a mighty string of oceans, profoundly tentacled, manifold headed, but all is one, and all is the womb of you, Tiamat, goddess of darkest depth: many shores it rest on, and many beasts swim it, from the frill-shark to the viperfish to the epic (but utterly ridiculous-looking) ocean sunfish and the colorful shoals of ciclida... but there is only one throbbing heart of the abyss, and that is the death-muscle of Tiamat, the glistening asp of the depth! The ocean is relentless. It is harsh and it is cold and treacherous, and I, simple peasant on the fields of existence with my sickle and my plough, I am the most remote island of this whole world-sea, farther away from a permanent population than any other remote island – and my archipelago is barren and void of growth, this serpents tail of dead islets and rugged rock coiling all around; these useless stones enjoy no settlements nor any trace of human archaeological remnancy can be dug up into the air from its ground; no weed ever rooted there either, because they would all die the death of hypothermia – the freezing chill of sullen silence, the storms of frost and quietude... they are like crusts on the lands, and a feature of its fundamental character from summer through autumn through winter to spring, a cyclical deadness... all my year, a calendar of hoarfrost and punishing cold! But! With holidays and weekends and dreams and hopes, all gaining momentum in secrecy, far away from the judging world, aloof in the capsule of their own time-space mechanics, for my calendar is not in some notebook, nor is it attributable to the astrology of stars, but it is folded indeed around the human heart!

My lands are separated today by the vastness of water, the silence in which every last sound drowns, yes – my lands are separated as if heart from intellect; feeling from reason; hand from hand; mouth from ass... but these lands have not always at all been separated, it does not indeed feel like it, for do not we all have

our own Doggerlands like bridges over that which has happened, and that which is yet to happen? And are we not ourselves this mysterious land, once lush and abundant with the greenness and the wilderness, but now devoured, mountain and meadow alike as if in a single gluttonous bite, by a sea acting with terror and idleness, the most gruesome of all motivations in combination! And it boils with force and reprisal, attacking fearsomely from all fronts every strip of soil and every bank of sand, it plays havoc with them, and it wrecks them to bits: the sea wobble the fins of its ugliest inhabitants until vortices roar, lashing its long gelatinous tentacles about, with its Cthulhean polypi of wrath, unleashing the unhinged bottom-quake from the vault of the deepest depth, locked with the iron key of Gilgamesh... for the vault hides gold and lost treasure, the Atlantean wealth and fortune! But I cannot bear being burdened, profaned, with this knowledge... although I shall have no choice, for not one single deity may hear my outcry – for they are too, like the sea, burdened, profaned, with the crime of indifferent passivity, as they have been forever safe in their heavenly abodes and palaces... amongst the spires and crenellations of mighty fortresses, and safe behind the fortifications of their ephemeral thresholds... I have noticed that many scholars hold the Maginot line as the most fortified line of defense in human history – but no dam nor river, no canonized bridge, no fences of barbed wire nor camouflaged nests of machine-gunners down here on earth may well parallel the enforcements alongside the borderlands between heaven and earth, which are strong and well-defended with the armory of mysteries! Yeah, since primordial times the heavens have remained pure of conscience and the hands of the sky has been rinsed with fresh-water time and time again as to cleanse them from the vermilion blood of innocence... cold, white fingers of deities and angels tempered with the current of arrogance, clutching firmly around their scepters and spires of passivity! And that is their crime, the idleness... it is true, that from the very first settlement of the very first agricultural tribespeople, a vein of violence runs... and it has continued to run through-out the eras which have been dilapidating into one-another, all the way down to the mind-boggling metropolises of modernity, to our day and age... yes, it has been the ochre of war that has colored the land of the people with blood, and the brushes have been held by the hands of the people itself, their own hands! For it is a human heredity... and it is a gift from Tiamat herself; from the very moment before the first second of human cultural history to the one in which I write this word and to the one coming right after it, all the lands upon where people have dwelt, have had endemic upon itself the festering sore of hostilities, for such is truly the nature of people... we cannot peace with each-other - everything shall be warred over; everything has been died for, and if there is not to be found reason enough to kill and die, we will invent ones. That's for sure.

Yes, I challenge you: find me a piece of inhabited land on this earth which has not been the banquet of bloodied corpses, victims of the gruesome violence slain with the murderous resentment capable only for a self-aware human agent to carry out...

Man kills with resentment and vengefulness and jealousy! And he does so as if a bargain with being itself! Mm, yes, give me the coordinates to the pad of soil which has not had the taste of the apocalyptic Eucharist, yes, the blood-wine of innocent victims to be drunken by the apprentices of faith, tapped from the innocent victims, their bodies, for the urge to kill is surely as elemental to human nature as is the conscious want to eliminate it... it is a cat-and-mouse hunt that has been going on since we began to act as humans and not as apes... war extinguishing peace giving way to war dissolving in peace...

*....ad infinituum, ad nauseam...*

...and it indeed says something about the “paradoxicality” of the human being, and it paints a picture of the curse of life we all float in; a water tank filled with morays, with its glass-walls almost bursting from its filthy water, diluted with the muck of anathema and with suicide-plankton... however, as grisly and blood-thirsty our earthly campaigns have been, with all its genocides and beheadings, mass-rapes and collective humiliations and tortures, we have not contained nor limited ourselves to the soil and the dirt of our terrestrial surroundings, no: since ancient times not only the lands but even the oceans have been smitten too with the itching lice of war, the herpes of destruction and terror... and, like a dog of the slum-streets it has concussed and itched its body in spiritual epilepsy as to shake off the parasite colony inhabiting it: this dog is like the sea, for the depths have snorted angrily in its nocturnal awakening, and waters have arisen therefrom as to drench the coastal lands with the vitriolic tumult of nature, the deafening roar of the sea ever-sounding...

What a naivety of adolescence we have grown out of... and into violent perturbations of existential realizations we have awoken. Yes, the waters seized me as did the depths of the human heart; both I loved and both I feared with shuddersome intimidation: I cannot believe how one could find within oneself to defy the might of the water in the courageous campaigns and expeditions I have read about, these the pallbearers of history's embellished caskets, wherein sleep the pioneers of exploration... I would not dare, but be sure some of us have dared: be sure we have resisted the temptations of fear and eluded and withstood the threatening taunts of the ocean: yes, the ocean is a perilous dimension, a spectacular circle of hell – few torments can equal that of the oceanic loneliness

– but even on this azure vastness, with all its Krakens and treacheries beneath, we have managed to conjure the incentive to kill and we have found ways to war even on these taigas of roaring water - first on rafts of balsa, then with mighty galleons... later with the steel colossi of the modern era, with their cannons and artilleries, and nowadays airplane carriers and nuclear submarines dominate the seas, doing the bid of killing and threatening the nervous status quo, carrying out the verdicts of commando centrals across half a globe away... we are in our flesh the destructive principle of evolution, for through-out much of what we know of human history, the waters have been theatres of violent and iconoclastic conquest, and it has become a great board of chess between powers, between empires, between their banners and their kings... but, but, but! However loud the cannons echoed and however deafeningly the waters roared, however many bodies were sunken to the ferocious maw of Tiamat, the heavens never trembled above it, maybe so with the thunders and the lightning or with the scourging tempests around treacherous capes and bayous, but not with the human craft of destruction known to both the earth and the ocean... but times change and today... today not even the heavens are pure of conscience, for they allow the war with passivity, like Sweden allowed the train-routes of iron ore during the second world war. From the sky, from above, stockpiles have been emptied like monstrous sacks of fiery nightmare, the death from the sky with their paratroopers and their ecstatic combatting glory, the downpour over lands and seas like sour comets breaking off and falling from the constellations of eternity up there!

Yes, the heavens have wept arrows, and the barrels of anthrax and the silver canisters of sulphuric agents have wept too to the chorus of the human suffering below. The memory of the sky has nowadays become black with soot – that from the fire of destruction and painsome chaos, and the memory of the sky has become impregnated with the kernel-seed of human potential, a foeti of the depths baked in the cold oven of the dwelling one, for it is Tiamat herself that is expecting! And when the time is due, the lament of the Kamikaze wailing spectrally with the debasement their surrender will join in choir with this the snarling yawns of the mother chaos, *Mummu Nammu*, echoing forever, in reverberance, out over a most vast blueness, all of it! No, since we learned how to kill by air, we killed by air: no longer could the earth scream its murderous suffering aloud with the sullen response of indifference from the sleepy face, above, of aether... and no longer would the waves turn on themselves with the thunderous baritone of apathy and entice us like fireflies in the wilderness with its mystic lures and obelisk-beacons of false hope, without the yawning mouth of the sky roaring together harmoniously with it... and all the while, as the heavens crack and the earth drinks blood as an elegy, deep in the chasm of the sea, the mighty detritivores feed on the bottom of humanity hungry for the

scraps of freedom we discard as uncomfortable: for the frilled sharks of the abyss every bite of freedom is a bite of great vigation... and every quark of nutrience they can trace in it, be sure they will suck it out: no-one but these feeders of the bottom care much about, as we call it, the freedom of choice, and it is often thought of as a mere bycatch in the grandiose fisher's nets of existence — yes, indeed, nowadays it has been left behind like unexploded ordnance, the whole idea of it; the waters by which you bathe in your sun of hope have never even been swept of their mines — but what do you care? You will not take a swim anyway! Coward.

## **IV. To Whom It May Concern...**

To whom it may concern: I left the house of my upbringing behind because I could not stand it there. The dismal prospects of future I felt there and that sense of unexplainable imprisonment in something unsure even of its own existence I could not for a long-time bear. And this something which is unsure even of its own existence? That was life... at least back home. And by the way, let it be known, that Mother, I am sorry, and father, I am sorry — I just cannot follow neither of your footsteps. I may be just one single specimen, one mere example among a milliard other, waiting in line for my turn to dance awkwardly with doubt and with anxiety into death, the final portal, but until that happens, I need to grow as much as I can. And that means, to some extent, distancing myself from you. Yes, because I need to grow, and I want to grow like the bamboo, and what is important for me is that I shall grow as the individual — nothing more and nothing less than the individual. As I feel right in this moment, I wish to become an evolutionary dead end — all relations abandoned; all families failed; all romantics aborted; all soil dried out and all blood discolored with the arsenic of renunciation — no children, no heritage, no final letter, no anything... I want to leave only sorrow and art behind; it was for this reason that I decided to vanish much without any trace nor forewarning. I decided to leave indefinitely the house of my upbringing, a childhood of low valleys and high plateaus much like anyone's, with loving parents but with some problems on the side, let's say. But because I felt something abnormal take root inside me in some sense, and because I felt that it imbued my mind with weird and abrasive emotions and "unacceptable" and radical sentiments, I decided that I wanted to ride the train of undecided vacillations to the end station, the finality, the genetic entropy: reproduction? I don't know. Right now, I rather feel: to hell with you and your kids and you can go fuck your mortgage, too. I shall have none of that. I have fantasized about the renunciation of anchorage in lineage, and a part of me wants to cut loose the cord that ties the ship to its dock, and if I so must drift,

then shall drift and by God, shall I fucking drift – and confusion, naivety, adventure will be my heredity! And a great polar bear will be painted as my heraldry – lonely, frozen beast on some pad of ice on some endless silent blueness I am too! You know, people sometimes ask whether I want to bring children to this world or not. It is a quite common talking point, and when the subject arises, I always wish I had the strength to say: “No – I would not want to bring about children to this world because I aspire to transcend mediocrity and I do not wish to lead a petty and mere life”. And the kind of person who would utter a question like that would indeed not have expected such an answer. And that in itself is verily a small triumph for Tiamat.

But I would not stop here, I would want to continue my beautiful harang: “I ask you, what is a greater pettiness; what is a greater existential parsimony; a more blasé giving in to dull averageness, than having children?”. All life on earth shares one common ancestor — which is nothing — and precisely that will be the only fossil of our existence: nothing. We are all dead individuals trapped in a near-life experience. And I needed to wander. I did not want to stay in a world that I felt molded me into something inauthentic, so I fled. I usurped my own throne and I wielded my sword of passion – like a knight! – and since that day, I have begun to claim autonomy, authenticity and self-actualization as the premier of my human motivations (as opposed to lust and wealth and other such imps and devils). So, in my pathetic but passionate attempts at breaking the circle I felt held me fettered within, I fled all of it.

For years I had been longing anxiously like the spirit of a restless dead for the journeys of my life and I day-dreamt and I fantasized and I romanticized: I envisioned luscious lands of the afar orient, and I felt deeply that I wanted to meet people who looked different (or at least see them if I could not muster courage actually meeting them); I wanted to experience food which tastes different; surely I wanted the ripe tree-fruit of exotic lands like orange, star-fruit and pitaya to dance beautifully with their juices and pulps on my palate. I was so tired of the streets and of the forests of my childhood, and I needed change in order to prosper; the soil my feet have trampled for quarter a century have been in permafrost for almost as long; only during the first years of my life I can remember the happy smiles of our women planting seeds of potato, carrot and pumpkin into it, but that was before the endless rime sank its teeth into the land, and nowadays there is not much left of the happiness I vaguely recollect from my childhood years... and really I think it was that insight that pushed me over the edge, and finally I decided to evacuate. I ran into the forest one night after twenty months of meditation and contemplation (many nights of anxiety and weakness, regret and feverishness). But then my clock struck the redemptive hour and I did not have shamelessness enough to any longer delay



it or in any other capacity circumvent it. I had decided something, and it was perhaps my very first true decision.

And... I just went. And for that I am genuinely proud. But now – now I am scared. I have walked for months now, and the feeling of being lost is tremendous in me even though that was the point of my whole venture. Yet I struggle to contain the emotions. Demons hiss in the air around me and I feel their vibrations both from the inside and from the outside. I am lost in a forest I thought I could traverse with prowess, but I find myself all alone. I do not feel at all well, and I make friends with the autumnal trees hunkering over me, stripped of life as we both are. It is easy to befriend that which is alike, and today I feel like a forest. Plants and forest-spirits are my new friends. I have toiled and my brow has been blank with sweat, but I cannot see what other sets of eyes admire, even though I try. My sinews have been torn off and I feel trepidating pain, loneliness, isolation (which I have, in all honesty, dragged upon myself: I am not a victim). Nothing or no-one can rightfully be blamed or should take blame for this unimpressive puddle of leaked waste from the large shit-silo of life which I am – for I am crushed under my own conscience and under my own responsibility, and I have come to taste bitter on the buds of the one I love: what a heinous fate... and my feet no longer leave a footprint on these meadows I walk, and even when stomping into the sludge of the forest quagmires my feet leaves nothing behind, but alas, I see the prints of a young boy still etched deep into the frozen pads of stomped soil! I immaterialize and I slowly drift. I have become a forest apparition, and I have become a patron of Aokigahara, and through the eyes of a wraith I watch the mud with diligence and with fascination... because those are my own prints I see, and they are from the first time I was alive, and that was many moons ago now... I reigned in the age of Taurus but I drowned when Aquarius emptied his pitcher over the world and the brutal deluge it caused swallowed everything. You can read about it in Genesis and in the Epic of Gilgamesh for example. Nowadays, a thousand times a thousand days later, my rivers have risen and brought me the devastating flood again; it has devoured my pastures and all my crops now float in shit-water from the sewer where dwells something enormous and horrendous... and I divide my inheritance between myself and myself; it was left me from my father (his name is Alienation) and my mother (her name is Empathy)... I kneel in my own tears and I look ugly and vulnerable in the laps of my friends... even before the carcass of a deer, like this one just some few feet before me (I just happened stumble upon it; it might mean something), I seem emptied of life itself: I am vertiginous as if a cliff-wanderer or a nervous line-walker, and I feel shame and dissociation at the sight of the reflection staring back at me when I lower my head to drink from the puddles yesterday's heavy rain brought us dwellers of the forest. I want to peel my skin off after what I know I have done – for I am

the culprit of iniquitous offense: my every bone is cracked upon the torturing wheel and my hands are colored blood-red...

I am the weak product of a weak culture in a weak time, but nevertheless I do not blame it; it was my responsibility all along. I must come to terms with the overwhelming probability that i will never surmount the ranks of bravery and honor of my heroes. That I will never feel sacrifice like those men, battle-weary. Yes, I am the mere dreamer, not content with – but limited to – the vision of the heroic deeds of others! My own conduct rarely rises to the occasion; rarely does it embody the essences of the heroic conceptions I speak of. But I am an observer of heroes – a vicarious participant in the adulation of them, but not much else. Mythically speaking, I wish my life and death to exhibit some sort of excellence or sacrifice or otherwise greatness: I want the passions and fevers breathing through the lines of my pen to stain whatever memory I deserve, but I cannot seem to mount them, to rouse them, to turn them into reality.

I want competence; distinction; esteem; brotherhood; love. I want to resolve to martyred sacrifice, because I want to love something other more than I love myself!

I feel lonely – I want companionship! I seek it and I have sought to seek it, but I always land in an ultimate and unbreakable question: where does sorrow reside, and weakness, and genuine sympathy and heartfelt understanding and vulnerability, except for in the pitch-black ugliness of my own heart? I do not know the answer to that, but what I do know is that I am a pretentious fucking pig and I browse in self-pity and my weakness of heart – no better am I than the children I scare with mean, irritated faces in the streets of the neighborhoods of my upbringing... will you hear my lament of resentment? God of all judges and scales, God of penance and redemption, hear my wailing for I need chastisement; I broke a great and draconian rule and that is a great offense... but the greatest offense of all my offenses is that I felt great doing it... but now I feel apologetic; remorseful; dire, and I confess in all my tongues... I gnaw all these tongues with ferocity – saliva and blood... I am drought; storm; rain: I confess in all my courts, but who will finally come about and grant me the corporeal verdict? Do you dare... living, breathing God? For I deserve whips to lash all over this white body, and I am deserving of simply nothing else! I am not human, but an earthquake with skin: my masochism has turned into sadism, because I do not longer know myself when I hurt myself... and I feel estrangement in the skin enveloping me – a skin-bag of flesh am I! Am I not? And is this not the only thing that I ever was? If not! ...then what was I? and what did I become? Successful tycoon, a strong husband, a street dweller, an opium fiend? You tell me! You tell me.

In great halls filled with mirrors at every direction I am an apparition, a specter, a lonely and saddened ghost, a looming and melancholic old spirit adrift and very lost! I am wearing a shroud of scars fitting of my dignity, and terrible confessions go off like bombs of terror in my soul; they cover in dust whatever was left of the shards of self-respect I came home to after the devil's typhoon had swallowed much of it during the long years I was gone... my own little Babylonian captivity! Speaking of that, I actually visited Babylon once, and it was an awesome, dangerous adventure: I saw the luscious and spectacular gardenwork of Semiramis and I became enamored by its beauty and its exhibition of botanical and aesthetic skill conjoined together as one great work of art! I had decided to wander and I had disappeared into the storms of the spiritual desert... and I with my parched throat of conscience took to weak shelters in camel cadavers from the sandstorms, alas, to little or no protection at all... and every step further into the dryland was another step away from the Eden-home. This was my basic rationale of motivation. Yes, far out there I wanted to go, out there into the harsher badlands, where simple water outvalues everything else, and where everything else becomes secondary or even unnecessary – for what is pride, happiness and strength when your throat is drying and clogging... and when the apparition of death lurks behind you with its scythe gleaming in the Maghreb sun? When the body has started dying, abstract concepts and intellectual principles of ethics amount not to much at all – if anything whatsoever. I am confused about exactly what I have done, but I know I have failed some very important thing. Or rather, I know I have committed breaches of the Law, and that has been, it seems to me, a failure inasmuch as a crowning achievement. And I think this is my greatest crime: I loved my crime. But nonetheless I fled and I took to the desert of refuge and of shame, and I hid and I lived the life of a ghoul of the sands... and for this natural reason the desert became very important to me: it became home: solitude, holy solitude! I had wanted so much to walk the path of Avva Antoni, the father of all monks, but I failed that time to truly understand what it was about: you see, I met him there, right in the heart of the Skete desert, in a vision: he told me to fuck off! That was my first revelation. And I wept over these words for in my heart of hearts I knew I was anything but mature enough, and that the burden was on me for having wasted his precious time. I am not ready, not psychologically, not developmentally, not emotionally nor am I anywhere near theologically adept for such an iron undertaking. I was heavily disappointed but also, I knew the validity of his calm, unflinching rejection.

My flood-water rose to the dams and demons mocked me in my soul. Having your soul cornered, your confidence compromised, your stature broken in half by someone like Avva Antoni is not a light matter. In an unprecedented act of unrestrained tantrum (I rarely get mad) I lashed out against him and insulted and

belittled him with my words! And how revolting, wrong and arousing it felt at the very same time! It was an ugly and vicious attack, a pathetic one at that, and it was an attack filled with stupidity I did not even hold in belief (I even said some things to him that was blatantly counter to where my true heart lies, and that is one of my greatest miscarriages of character up to this very day), and for this reason my self-confidence eroded until nothing of prowess or importance remained. Only some soot was left there, and what thing or beast may nurture from soot?

After the rejection, I wanted to pour bleach down my throat as to stop future deceit from ever to be uttered to the ones I love in such despicable ways again... and nowadays, even every word I have written it seems to me a fraud... so now I (with my honor at stake) will continue spewing words until I am wholly satisfied, and I will use my eloquence to sow sabotage in my own tomorrows: I seek self-destruction for my trespasses of the Decalogue, and to be able to this, I will with words tarnish my own reputation to the masses but with the same very words I will secure allies far more important than any crowd of folk could ever become to me! And my words I will choose carefully from the world's largest dictionary to be the springboard for the trials of my self-belittlement (even though my mother-tongue is Swedish). So, yes. I will place a suicide noose around my neck and right before the moment of this ritualized act of irrevocable and eternal endness I plan to tear my own tongue out so that not a single more lie can sound therefrom even in death, and I shall aspire to write to myself as a gesture of therapy, but seeping with an uncomfortability and shamefulfulness tantamount to nothing this poor life ever has felt before, I shuddered in the desert, from fear and from loneliness... and amongst these trees I walk now I too start to shudder, although I have always felt security, safety, and calmness of soul when I have been around them before... although I have never this deep into this woodland which seem to expand indefinitely in all directions... and demons have taken hold my fortress, this much I can say: I am Baghdad and the world is the Mongolian empire. I feel a chilling of my spine when they grip their falcon-talons around me, these demons of conscience (something I truly and fully deserve), and I become shuddersome even more from their cold strokes of demon-fingers up my spine... the feelings of self-knowledge and self-pride rushes through my mind like the blood flows through the veins of a desomorphine addict – not at all. Spiritual *Krokodil*. My self-love is a prolapsed colon and whatever comes out of it must be flushed like awkward diarrhea – fast and silent and right away so that no one hears it or even smells it aloof: the vestige, even, of the fecal odor will sow and reap uncomfortable thoughts in me...

I do not want people to know I am human like them, for it grants me shame and mental exhaustion, anxiety and existential paranoia... Yes, I have become that

weak... and I weep unto the void as for it to hear me: if there is a judging, benevolent deity, now is the time to act! Otherwise, fuck you and don't anymore bother, for I will make it my life's work to shun the mere idea of you, false effigy of the true God! You do not even bring me the penance I demand. I have read extensively about what you did in the Old Testament days: do unto me what was done unto Job. Truly, I deserve such a terror. I cannot stand the endless acting out of this pitiful doctrine I see all around me... the weak solace, the contra-intuitive and moronic weaponization of pacifism and the hope for vicarious redemption as a spiritual constant that unites over all human strata and castes, and I am ensnared in the heart-crushing constriction, trapped and encircled by the python of life, and no mere solace may grant me a passage to what the beast guards, and to the gold it hoards! I do not know what I have gotten myself into, this "livingness"... this complete entombment into brick walls of personal responsibility, the throat clogging judgment of a living soul... a condemnation to absolute and indomitable freedom, my heredity... I am loveful being and a hopeless romantic and this my lot in life; torn between ferocious claws of war and love are we all, and they protrude from an execrable monstrosity bearing life itself on its scaled reptilian back!

Like a rag strained between the hands of a life-exhausted maid I am diluted of every drop of water – and what is left of the human soul when love's fine stream does not longer flow through it? Yes, I ask you: what is left of a human soul, when the concept of love, with all its excruciating implications, has withered to a rotted pulp and slowly turned to muck? In my young age, I have yet to explore the full dimensions of love – that brave new world – but I have seen beauty in gentle faces of picturesque women, and I have seen friendships stronger than copper chains; I have seen family bonds that could tie even a massive galleon to its dock... but alas (I shall clear my throat and speak up, for the one unable to speak of truth with greatness should not speak of it at all) I tell you – I have seen romance. I have seen friendship. I have seen family: the love of them, the corruption of them as an unavoidable but bitter consequence... And I have also seen those beautiful faces of picturesque women grow old and wrinkled, and nothing more than bitter hags became of those ill-fated women... their only pride – their immeasurable beauty – diminished like gardens in autumn... and I can tell of countless times... I cannot even reminisce them all... but I bear in memory countless stories of robust friendships dissolved in nothing much more than petty spite... it takes just some mindless alcoholic brawl to cut bonds like knives cut through butter... the psycho-sexual and psycho-social dramas of resentment, despise, frustration, disappointment, heartbreak and jealousy are veritable quagmires for any human being! Mothers have left their infants to the ravenous wolves in the forests by night, it has not been a rare practice in the darker ages of our history... if it is not certain, the love of a mother, then what

bond can possibly endure the erosion of life? I say, none! But alas, it brings me such melancholy! Will there ever be a bond that can withstand it all, to the end? Is every human relation worthless in extremis? Is love merely a riddle, an enigma; a something to decipher, a something not to take at face value, some code bearing uncomfortable truth behind a crisp layer of sophistication? And is love a mirage, an illusion, a euphemism: is the real word sex, love being a mere persona of procreation? Are we just the sums of biology and of neuro-chemistry? Nothing more and nothing less? Of course, there is no-one to answer these questions... but to me anyways, love is real because love is experienced. Love and war – who can really deny their implications? Yes, these things are real, (and I want them to be)... surely it cannot be the case that the collected weight of human misery, the tragic suicides, the paroxysms of brotherly violence, all the darkness of jealousy and poisonous resentment following in the wake of love is merely the fruit of eon-old instincts, an iron fetter chained to the totem of nature? We cannot observe these behaviors in the animal kingdoms (or can we? I am no ethologist and my knowledge of the field is scarce to say the least). But I must confess to my intuitive belief that beasts do not hang themselves over the body of a melancholic lover, nor do they drown themselves in the oceans of questions which emerge all around the human with every faulty move she makes...

No, they cannot value life, nor can they devalue it... at least not anywhere like how we can do that. For them, it just is. They carry on being beasts, and we, we carry on being human! Dear and bold reader, you see, dogs are dogs; cows are cows; pigs are pigs, and sheep are sheep. Snakes are snakes... and falcons, they are always falcons. But humans are *something becoming something else*. At least in ideal and principle. Yeah. Grief is a deep cut in Gaia's pretty face, and it is a human heredity; the will and capability of love, the depth of the human soul...

I have an inkling which I cannot denounce, call it a leap of faith, but: love is spiritual, it must not be a bestiality, a carnality only! It cannot be. But who am I really to talk of this... can I heed the Nietzschean call and speak with greatness? Well, of course, to know where denial, rationalization and naïve hopefulness flows into the reality of things and where one ought to separate them, and where one must draw a line in order to flee the morbid leech of self-deceit that will otherwise suck your veins dry – yes, that is a war in itself, and thousands if not millions of casualties are daily emptied of blood in this deadly and uproarious war. I turn away from this world – I have become the umbraphile, the one chasing the eclipse, for it surely grips me in its awesome display of astronomical tapestries, the phantasms and light-shows of the sky...

I want to enclose myself on love as to make it darker, for I am a wizard... I chase my own eclipse with the same fervency as I chase the night-sky one. I want the

pungent corona of death to soar above my head like a nimbus, for I am our sun – eternally in collapse! I am the sun, a milliard years old but dead and black tomorrow or even later tonight if we have any luck with us! And I will tell you this: my knife has been kept sharpened at all times, and my sheath is crafted with a strong leather, sewn with robust threads. My knife has not been a tool of murder – circumstances have yet to digress to such perilous violence – nor has it been in its primary functions a tool of hunting or flaying or butchering: I lack the skills, and besides, I am starting to fear I am not capable of killing something that lives outside of myself – but I hope to possess such strength someday. I think it is of utmost importance that every man kills something at least once during their life.

I think it is sickening that, as I write this, I am closing in on my twenty-fifth birthday and I am yet to witness in real life a dead human body or the killing of an animal. It is pathetic. To witness such a thing for the first time I consider an act of Omega masculinity initiation (because spoiled with riches and conveniences I have become soft over the lapse of years, and now I need roughing up)... and, it has turned out, more so than a tool of aggression or hunting, my knife has been one exclusively of bodily self-harm: my camping-fire have rarely seen the meat of a killed animal – mostly I have gathered my foods from the ground and from the bush... out of cowardice on one hand, out of laziness on another.

No, I am no killer, not yet, but I am one who cuts himself, and it is with this behavior that I have gained some degree of insight in blood and violence: how many times have I not armored the coward gladiator in me the *spatha* of burning passions – the sword that cuts right through the blood-lines and memories of all passed things – before entering the jubilant colosseum of my body, the great arena of white, human flesh? Have I not still, puny and pathetic as my trembling cuts have often been, reveled in the sense of rebellion with my drug-fiery eyes fixed on the small gutters the blade has left in its wake, flooding with the brightest blood and glowing with a spiteful requital of renunciation? I have held the dagger firmly and its numinous qualities have entranced me, I have meditated deeply on *thanatophenomenological* matters and I have become a beautiful admirer of all flesh which shows itself eager to come apart like the Red Sea under the command of Moses himself!

These practices of self-destruction have invited me to consult with the all reveries of the graveyard and it has battered perspectives into my frontal lobe – how they have lashed and whipped about like hell-storms! I have been listening to the oracles whom I have sought out in distress (and I have fucked them too!), heeding the intuition I had of the falseness of the notion that the future will be comforting and rewarding – I was right... These foretellers that I have met were mean and cruel but also seductive, and they lectured me harshly and they

scathed me like the Lord scathed Cain or Job, and they have taught me classes in the ethos of war, sex and love . . .

We all have woodlands and lakes within ourselves: lakes where the water purges the bather from the dirt of sin and despair. And it has become clear to me that no matter how far the human ventures, she will eventually drown herself in those waters... entropic water of nature! Lake of transcendental realities...

It has become clear to me also, that, from this point on, these feet pave themselves a wholly new path, a route novel: the landscape has become barren of life, and intransigent in its inhospitality, it is untrodden. Only relicts of wolveren trails and fox dens abandoned, fled from, I can see around me. Dead twigs and wooden scaffolds once called home by colonies of beavers, and anthills flooded and wrecked by the rising water of the rivers (the beavers abandoned their dams and caused the flood). It feels like the aftermath of a great and proud holocaust or as if the dust of a nuclear bomb just settled over this bleak recluse of a forest, with craters oozing with still-warm blood and the stench lingering morbidly and gruesomely like a wailing, haunting spirit attached to its former home or to some lost vampyric lover... cobwebs of sullen desolation and the sermons of silence have fallen and seeped slowly into the ice-hard soil over the long night through which I slept anxiously... the longer I stare out over it, the more vivid becomes my interpretation of it, as if it sinks into the pores of me, this hostile forest... as if it, in its pregnant belly, stirs up into a maelstrom something latent in me, like a pocket of sulphurous gas from the floors of the deep sea abyss rising in my spirit... throbbing the aorta of my thoughts – and of my life... the more I stare, the more I see it, the more I reminisce, the more I sob. I see cadavers scavenged upon by what seems like the last settlements of ants working in awe-inspiring ways of collaboration in parallel only to awesome scopes of human ingenuity, and I hunker over the scene and the perplexity of it takes me in its force, and mesmerized (like caught in a vortex of confusion and amazement coupled), my eyes dilate. I fall to my knees and scrape them to wound – a coalescence of blood and dirt. Over the course of some terrifying moments of unexplainable paralysis – I think, a few seconds at most – I lie on the ground, trembling. Diplopic visions tantalize my mind and nausea cloaks me like in a blanket, like Khadija cloaked her Mohammad – and I have to vomit. Yes, I need purging! I need senseless abuse of the body as to understand and make sense of what is happening within me, because I weep thick tears and they course like the deltas of rivers down my blushed, pink cheeks... and I become wet-faced from my countless sorrows, and I struggle to keep myself breathing in the quagmires of the one and only abomination of philosophy which I have heard people before me call by the name of nihilism! It befalls me now with greater strength than ever before, and I struggle like the sea serpent against the highest forces of order, like Tiamat



struggled with the king of order and justice, subjugated by Marduk's sharpest blade!

## V. The Two Girls

My body feels weak – but that is no wonder. I have gathered wood for hours. Yesternight was rain – wet wood and wet feet is no joyous thing... if you need warmth, which I do! And why? Because warm days turned into mellow days which have since segued into even colder ones – and autumn roars in the distance, with winter right behind it. My feet hurt and these arms sway in this mild breeze, the precursor to a hungry storm. I can smell it in the air and it will probably rage about over my hut tonight... I curse it for a moment, but then suddenly I am lit by a humbler tone of mind, because however toilsome it can become, I shall appreciate the storm for what it is, I shall fancy its power and I will cherish its ravenous appetite and the sound of its whining! Yes, as a lullaby... because what I admire, I also fear, and for the same, and different, reasons: all the mightiest of its properties, its destructiveness, the cold it brings... it sows worry and distress in me, but I am excited nevertheless...

Manichean ubiquity resides *in perennis* in the Heroic soul! Yes: I admire the storm I fear. I cannot know beforehand if my hut is strong enough – it is rather simple yet footsure, I am proud. It is built with the amateurishness of a child but with passion and ardency by these young hands, but I hardly imagine it can withstand the squalls of God himself! The erosion of this night will imprint itself in the memories and folklore of tribes around these somber parts of the earth... for in these vast lands, storms matter... weather matters. This night will be the darkest in 540,000 years – a rather important night for the tribespeople. It should be. The significance is noticeable and there is something not of this world in the air. A chthonic anticipation, a natural alchemy of air and earth as if some occult geological-metaphysical conspiracy.

During my firewood gatherings in the close proximity of my forest-camp, I met a few gatherers. They giggled cutely, modestly at the sight of me, my bruised arms with scars scattered and my stern face somber from the weight of days... and they gathered berries of a peculiar kind I could not for the life of me identify: curiosity came over me and in an abrupt blitz of spontaneous emotion I asked about the berries. They did not answer. Curious, in retrospect, as that was, I did not at the time seem to think of this behavior as irritating or even peculiar, because I was already by this point spell-stricken by something greater around these two girls. A mysterious mist, an occult smog unexplainable. But after a short moment I started to figure why they would not answer; it came to haunt my mind, I wanted to know badly! Was it a barrier of tongue? Sheer rudeness?

Am I just being paranoid? Maybe signals of defensiveness and intimidation on my part, my behalf? They did not seem afraid though. Their eyes were blue and big and they seemed rather to study me than to fear me... it allured me further and made me even more intrigued. I do not know where these two women came from nor have I ever seen them or anything alike them, that is for sure. After a while – I had continued my gathering of wood, they continued plucking berries from thorned bushes (I have never seen such a strange berry-bearing bush). Suddenly, they broke a thick and awkward silence. They said to me that I would do best in following them. And after that seemingly spontaneous utterance, short as it was – confusing, mighty peculiar, they started to walk. There was something so odd about them, but not in some disturbing manner, not at all: I did not fear, neither did I feel that anxious feeling in my gut I have felt many times in the eerie shadowry of my memories. No, that was not my intuitive impression, for my feeling was that they were happy, rather excited or anticipating something adventurous and meaningful... I thought about how they smiled and giggled amidst the weather-heavy forest, quite unwelcoming as it was, with its thorn bushes and trails overgrown since hundreds of years... its cairns, the head-pillows of stone giants and mountain-trolls... and even that great forbidden chasm in the central plateau of these woodlands (never had I seen it, though rumors on the matter last like gold in the mountain or like crude oil in the ocean). Dismal this forest was, but it was not dead, as the forest of yesterday. I saw green again. Evidently, it was alive – two full baskets they had gathered in a mere hour or so – and rather impressive I found it, given the bleakness of the day, the hostility of the nature with its logs and twigs and cairns, the wet moss and the tarns which were treacherous... holes in the ground and black, murky wood-water, cold and dirty...

I think of all this and I smile inside my mind. They have a luster. Something is verily good about them: not only were they beautiful as paintings and not only were they clad in their prettiest ceremonial garments (in the middle of this inhospitable forest), they also spoke intelligently and personally. It made me smile wide, it made my mood rise like a spring sun... I followed eagerly the berry pickers, and we followed now each-other – they shook me, and hopefully, I them. Yes. There was something about these girls – I cannot pin-point it, but... I know that I had entered a citadel of weirdest feelings, as if a commoner before the Crown, and for the moment I was its denizen, protected by great walls, the mighty crenellations, fortifications of stone, fire, iron... but it came to me as well, that often times, protection is another word for slavery or subjugation! I must remember that. And romance and friendship can well mean imprisonment. Because... what is a true love but a mighty prison, a stronghold of the unconquerable; an authoritarian domain where wild, untamed emotion may look tamed from the outside but is burning with Satan's ire on the inside – this place

of distilled, pure essence, the true heart of spiritual and emotional totalitarianism... and I am surely its denizen amongst a thousand other cowering thralls! Jailed in emotions is the seeker of the key out of there.

But right now, it does not matter: I swallow my pride like I swallow my drugs – fast and without cogitation! All while the sky continues to fall out of its womb, the heavenly prolapse! The wetness is everywhere and no avail is spared us, but I could not complain given the situation I find myself in, consorted by two lovely girls into the fearsome, adventurous, unknown! And I say it: women and adventure animate the dreams of every honest man! How I have dreamt in nights of pathetic and introspective ecstasy the dreams of shame and excitement... the wanderlust of the spirit in matrimony with the fleshly hunger of a lonely and psycho-socially alienated boy! Hand in hand I have leapt over small rivers and climbed hillocks with the beautiful woman, the old and wise yet young and hungry mystical woman inside me, anima. I have called her Vasilisa and En'heduanna and Mary Magdalene... and I have called her Chhinnamasta and Queen Anu, and Christine de Pizan and Saint Hildegard, and Serey Sothea and Yanka Dyagileva, Mira Bai, and Edith and Semiramis and Tomyris... they have all gazed with me from the crenelated terrace out over the steppes! And we have walked out there, down there, in the unexplored and dangerous subterrains of fiery human passion...

Did not Lalleshwari, ferocious Lal Ded, the wolfess in the shroud of a woman, tear the modest rags off her body and give her away thoughtlessly to the burning woodlands, the nigrescent horizon, the terror of the unknown, having renounced the fixed marriage of her honor-obsessive family, having suffered under patriarchal suppression like some hound, having warded off beatings and attacks of sexual desecration and attempts of such, since childhood? Did not En'heduanna, the high priestess cry and wail at the thought and sight of Lugalbanda destroying her temple at Ur? Or Edith, the southern spruce alone in a forest of the bittermost firs, how she fought off the imps of disease and scathing critique with the diamond shield and sword of poetry, stubbornly, passionately... as did Lakshmi Bai with her imperialist invaders! And so shall I, with the power of the spirit of Queen Anu! I have fallen handlessly into a web of love for these wolverines, and I have enucleated the gods and goddesses of causality... they have not been able to see me in my arrogant tamperings with space and time, and on the night of the final blood moon, the continuum has been made no longer continuous... for I have loved all the way through it: love beyond time and space... such is the power of my passionate adoration for these women!

Over a matter of minutes, I become delirious with excitement. An unfolding force of life, doped with a *pregabalineous* upsurge. A roar of drugs. A line is sometimes hard to draw between nausea and ecstasy. As I lose myself in these

meditations, I forget to note my environs – I am becoming ecstatic. There is an upheaval in my mood as well as in my timeliness, in my concept of time. But I am aware I exist, and I feel decisively sure that the girls are real as well – and the forest itself seems more real than ever, the foliage of the pines itching my face as we cower through thorn-bushed paths. The girls first, then I, as if a leech on them, a mere, humbled witness to their resolve and passion! And I continue my romantic parasitism...

The forest swallows us whole, we travel into it. We are sucked into it. We slide down mud slopes after which we rest our exhausted bodies on the founding stones of an ancient and mighty cairn. I have never seen these oceans of oak before, these panoramas of leaf and life, and a feeling of adventure befalls me... and a second after it, it strikes me: I should probably get back and tend to the needs and incompletions of my wooden hut – if I had ever even been able to find back! I have lost track, I can admit that, and it no longer matters for I have set foot upon adventure... so the business of the hut is no longer of any relevant importance to my nocturnal pursuits, I can drop that load off my mind with carelessness – and I surprise myself by doing so. After all, no hut can out-tower the pharos of real passion, and the beacon, high in the sky, of adventure...

The dresses of the two girls are now stained with mud and dirt – they do not seem to care as long as they are together, as if stuck spiritually... and it is calming to me even though I cannot understand how I have attained this information: it is a mystical kind of intuition I cannot muster to put to any reasonable language. But I can say that I feel profound appreciation and a sense of being-there! Wondrous feeling... let it last, beautiful Inanna, let it last! I will hug you for centuries just you let this pretty moment last!

## **VI. Beneath the Polar Star**

Sometimes I want shout as if a child: “you, go away, wicked one!”. "Leave me alone!". I know I do not have a right to excuse myself from the realities of the human condition, and besides, that would be impossible save in suicide or death, but I can not help to cry my anxieties about it nevertheless. Honestly, I don't want to be reminded all the time that everything around me is absurd and mysterious and essentially incomprehensible, and that I am responsible over myself in this mess, and on top of that, that the world we inhabit is a dark world infested with lechery and abuse, tragedy, betrayal and the crushing squalor of hopelessness, the painful granulation of the soul! Millions of broken human spirits tumble through the blood-drenched pages of the history of this world; full of mischief and evil it is. Full of heavy tears falling on the tortured flesh of man. And even if we could opt for a world completely without malevolence, a

world enlightened from the darkness of evil, we would still have to contend with the reality of mortality. And that is ever hard.

Sometimes I want a respite from the ever awareness of death, and from man's relation to it. Death is a sun, and human life an obstacle, blocking it. And in the shadow human life creates, we live. And it is a crushing responsibility. And I want respite from this existential reality. The responsibility the relationship between man and death produces, is no joke. It is a responsibility over life and death. A matter of life and death. And I want to flee it. I want a hole to retreat to, an opium embrace, a careless void in which to ever take refuge when the thoughts attack and the apparitions of anxiety – ever-haunting psychic ghouls – make themselves present. In these moments I want to become a hermit of emotional reclusiveness, a stranger to angst, a prodigal son of hedonism. But that is a strange enterprise of a life, and certainly no healthy approach to death and dying. Existentially pathological procrastinations. I know this so well, yet it beckons! Because sometimes the burden of death and the responsibility of life it confronts us with, becomes so fearsome and overwhelming, it is damn easy to become desperate to slake it, cover it, ameliorate it, flee it, distance from it. Dreams of lavishness and libertinism bring many men and women down to the clutches of despair, but there are often reasons for this. Few but not very few people choose this actively. No child dreams of it. There are certain deranged specimens of human life altogether alien to the concepts of honor and ethic we ecumenically share, but they are few and far between. Most of the victims of hedonism are just that – victims. They fell on the slippery slope down inferno. And they swallowed Satan's bait. The idealization of hedonistic immoderation as a means of balance to the oppressive psycho-spiritual implications incumbent to human freedom is understandable an approach, though deeply sinister, wrong to the core. To become the cistern of human sin, to drink from oneself freely and without temperance, and to receive the holy water of an unholy faith. To host feasts of indulgence and self-pleasure and to give way to Mammon and to devils and satyrs and fauns! What a debauchery, what a shame. To feel great without paying the proper price or sacrifice! That is the true vice of man – now, then and forever. Human beings suck and taste the marrow of freedom, but spit it out and opt for prison instead. And that is what I, on sadder days, want to do as well. To become disgusting and weak but for a moment! Just for a moment. But I know that a moment of sin turns into an eternity of sin with the blink of an eye. Like a fly to the spider's web, you stick to it. Unfortunately, many people can not confront the problem properly, and they lose to it. You become incarnate the spirit of lazy, uncultured gluttony, and you give unto yourself the spoiled self-coddling privileges, the Narcissistic arrogance of trying to ignore what should not be ignored!

If enlightenment meant tulips and sunshine, then everyone would be enlightened, but everyone is not. If hard work was easy, it wouldn't be called hard. If the human spirit was weak in itself, we wouldn't conceptualize strength as an ideal universal. If the meaning of existence means "follow your bliss", I do not want to be here anymore. Bliss is a dead end. Meaning is the pathway forward. Meaning, power, beauty and the Glory of God. To hell with your hedonism and bulwark ideologies. Crawl through the gutter! There is knowledge in dirt and grime, too. The accomplished human is happy, yes, but only as a secondary effect of being accomplished. Happiness can not precede accomplishment. Bliss is a dead end. I promise that. And if you don't believe me – try it. Pursue "happiness" for ten years and see where you find yourself. If enlightenment meant bliss and pleasure, everyone would be enlightened. Because it would be so easy. Why are not everyone happy, then? Where is that utopia? Why is there atrocity, resentment, murder, rape, madness, angst and the harrowing, millennial accumulation of evil and filth in this world? Because bliss and pleasure will not set you free – it will entrap. I say again: if hard work was easy, it wouldn't be hard. The search for meaning goes through many dimly lit caverns, believe that! And there is religious truth in the very shadow you try to banish and evict from your heart futilely! God is surely a terror for the feeble-minded. That is why he pretends God does not exist. Easier that way, perhaps. However, it is an existential and spiritual falsity, a human error, a self-imposed indemnity, this ever-search for carnal and sensual satisfaction and of material acquisition. And to that I can only leer mockingly. I have no respect for it, because God commands it not, never.

Truly, one has to find a cave obscure, a Hira of one's own, in order to flee the ever presence of the false kings, the doxies for celebrity and power, the thieves and those cold of heart, the dishonest jesters, the propagators of sin and evil, the molesters and tormentors, the wicked influencers and corruptors preaching their pugnacious histrionics and all the floggers and strikers and intruders and attackers moving about in the dead of our nights and in the peripheries of civil lands! They are everywhere and their darkness spreads fog-like. Sometimes I try to confront it, but sometimes I just ignore it. I just want a breather, a break, a short pause sometimes. But a short break easily becomes long then longer, when you despise what you ought to return to. But however much this inclination of escape and this vulnerable call to spiritual shelter pumps my heart and floats a tired blood through my veins, I cannot close my eyes to what I want hiding from, however much I want to close my eyes to it. I stare on it, whether I want to or not. But whenever I feel this need to escape, and when I so do – when I allow myself to get stuck in these morasses of self-pity and sloth masqueraded poorly as moral indignation – afterwards I feel a heavy feeling of guilt, shame and of vitriolic self-contempt. Because I am not some lazy, torpid

person or some promulgator of limp, idle ideals - hell, my eye is fixed on the polar star, always the polar star, for it is an eye of God – and so our eyes meet! Whenever I get stuck in the sludge of the world I cry to God to inspire me. I do not want to be there. And few people really want to. Even when fortnights of whipping storms and destructive gales have swept across our lands destroying everything they are meant to destroy, I can still fix my eyes on the polar star, how it shines bright on the ever-vast firmament steppe, this black expanse...

As a pinch of salt into the sores of a struggling world, I continue my rogue spiritual terrorism. God condemned me hereto, and I shall raise a living hell just for that very reason. Extreme conditions demand extreme responses, and the world is often extreme. The world is forceful and crazy and, as such, demands forceful and crazy responses in order for us to confidently adjure it, impose it with our own design. I worship force and will. And I shall be just that – forceful and strongly willing. I feel it asked of me, expected of me. And until the world stops being forceful and crazy, which is paradoxical in itself since the world is irretrievably integrant with its own madness of momentum, I can not understand or see how I can get any kind of sleep or rest or relaxation. I want to pierce the flesh of the world, hurl spears of will into it, but I want to know my place too. I am humble and modest as if ever in church; I am in dire service of those loving, whom I love back, in need for help and aid. Yes, I said this - when the sky is clear from taunting devils and when all murders of crows fall to the ground wing-clipped, and when Kakwkylla ascends in a pungent brownish mist, a cloud-mantle grey and smoldering, convolved in pall of thick smoke, with her body swarming with mice and rats biting her, scratching her, and holding the speech-scrolls of the hidden Apocalypse in her firm, white hands... only then may I rest. When the endless tirade of foeti has finally clogged the birth-canal of the world to cause its, we can see now, ever-inevitable stagnation, and when the mocked corpses of wretches, slaves, paupers and thieves arise from the crust of the soil we trample to exact revenge, a bloody revenge, then I might find a great and sullen repose... then I might close my eye to this polar star, growing about on the firmament like a rapturous aurora or some phantasm of hope and fire, the bejeweled chariot of Gods thundering about the starry sky after a hundred and hundred somber moons!

For it is ever victorious, ever returning. And it guides me.

## **VII. An *Obol* for the Ferry-Man**

When the world has ended, I shall lie down to rest... and then I can succumb to a peace eternal. But! I am afraid I have forgotten to bring an obol for the ferry-

man. Well – "forgotten" is perhaps not correct a word... rather I am too poor, to be honest. I have not an obol. And how may I solve this problem? A decisive issue, I am sure. How may I cross this river without jobbery? Because I have no coin, I really have not. And I am not too good of a thief... my nerves twitch easily. I had to use my very last ones to bribe my way down here, to these cavernous lands and dead subterranean marshes. I had found a passageway through a system of catacombs purposefully hidden in the sylvan country somewhere in the land of Arcas, but to my great dismay I found that it was also controlled by bandits who conveniently charged every traveler and pilgrim zealous enough to have found this particular tunnel-entrance to the kingdom of the dead... And whatever the reason, the mission, the rationale for their departure down there, a coin was to be paid. No exceptions are to be made: bandits, I find, rather rarely give discounts to the religious. And this was how they made a living, they said. They would never hurt you or even harass you, they said. Either you pay and descend the river, or you do not pay, and you will be forcibly but respectfully declined, haltered, ejected from the mysterious burrows, and you will forget that anything of the experience ever even happened. So, I paid. But what now? Can I talk my way with Charon, the ferryman? Will he listen? Is it impossible for me to bypass somehow, evade and elude... or am I doomed to the shore forever, like some cursed sunbather, aloof in the warm coastal winds, tanning on the burning, salty sands of dejection, in the end not knowing either how he got there, or why he would ever even want to leave? Am I and my penniless pockets to be rejected by even the boatkeeper of death? What a shame it would be – even though my time has not yet really come! With as much death as there is up there on the surface, I would find a lack of hospitality in its very kingdoms an embarrassment, a blemish on an otherwise fine reputation, and frankly, very bad manners. I do not want to be on the losing side in such a pivotal question like this. It is not some mere gamble. But I must also acknowledge reality: money talks. Maybe I can lure behind the stones of the ragged Styx-beaches as if a lion in ambush? I always wanted to be an animal. Painted in camouflage with the war-paints of lost tribes, the ochre of Dysnomian menses! Or might I just drown enraptured Narcissus in his own mirror cowardly, to search his purse and his cloak for any last single coinage?

I start to think. And I think about myself. And I have thought of myself as one who knows what death means, but my thoughts and prayers have grown tremendously on this matter, and I have since concluded that I really do not know much at all. No. I have no insight, no real wisdom, no gnosis I can attribute to myself while I stare nakedly into my reflection on still, dark ponds, and death is mysterious to all of us, as it is to me: all we do is contemplating intuitively the nature of its phenomena... contemplations which – if the world



was ultimately governed by logic as its prime mover and rationality had primal jurisdiction over mortal men – would be discarded, ridiculed, trashed, left at the garbage dump amongst all the other emotions and amongst the heaps of discarded spiritual concepts, shattered ideas and useless passions! But we do not live in a world governed by logic as its highest hierarchical constituent, and rationality is not the God of man. Why? Because the logical and rational world is only one of the worlds we inhabit... and we may, and should, drop the act that it is the only world. In my world I do not worship logic and reason, but I accept them as true. Until God takes over, that is.

Atheism and its ilk are cancerous growths on the body of philosophy. And atheism loves its logic, rationality, numbers. But the phenomenology of death is beyond rationality and it is beyond any applicable logic. We cannot feel death – we can only know of death secondarily. Nevertheless, death ever wades alongside us and with us through all the layers of culture we have skinned off like some shelling snake meandering through the centuries... but nevertheless, we know nothing!

Only the Great Elk can know about it, since the Great Elk is the proprietor of death itself. Heed though, that amongst a milliard differing incarnations, the Great Elk is only one (albeit powerful with intimidation amongst lesser peers spineless) of all the avatars of death, but the Great Elk surely is the apex deity of the pantheon, and he may respectably guide to death and direct our spirits toward it! But not even the Great Elk is able to incubate the essence of it, for he does not control, nor command, nor own it. The Great Elk can guide to death but he cannot show *what it means* exactly. If the Great Elk did so, something in the world somewhere would go extremely wrong. Because the Great Elk is the Arch Tyrant of Death, and an emperor with many and many legions of auxiliaries, and he is worshipped and invoked only by necromaniacs and other morbid folk when the time feels genuine for them to do so. We do not play games with him, because if he responds to the game, the invitation — then you die. Or worse!

Consumed by the thought – the experience – of my absolute responsibility and embraced by the iron reality of it, which is rousing in me an urge of seemingly senseless destructivity, I feel the impulse to gut myself. I want suddenly to drag my white-pinkish intestines from out the ribcage and throw them to the hoarfrost ground! And, yes, I want to scatter that disgusting offal around myself but as an act of solemn religiosity – ceremonial offerings – in commemoration of the birth-pangs of a new era! And around the circuit of my belly I shall hang them like a thick girdle, powerful and embellished with the beautiful carnelian-stones of thought! And it will stink and it will cause discomfort! And its miasma of rot engulfing my lower torso you may see as a violent reversion of all the humanlike traits in me... for I have abdicated from a family, and I conspire from the inside

to ultimately cause its death – just like sick intestines do! The human rearing from death and repulsion is the human honestly most deserving of it! Because you, human, in the midst of your woodland wanderings, would rear away at the mere stench of an elk's cadaver, wouldn't you? I am of different ilk. The revelation of death touches in you a nerve of something dormant, latent you seldom scratch the surface to, if ever – and it is an inborn horror of death and dying, and I feel the same, the same – and, for this reason, Freud had a good point. You cannot handle death. We cannot. For some reason though, I seek its avatars out. I can not explain it. I am of different ilk, different flesh and different spiritual constitution.

People are supremely scared by death, because the concept of death evokes time, and time suggests aging. The physiological deterioration, the psycho-spiritual deconstruction of consciousness, the grinding-down process of awareness and the dismantling of self-identity, the erosion of cognition and neural function. We all fear it intensely. And surely life is cold and rough in existential autumn, have you not earned it.

And if you have put the wrong meanings in front of you... dear fellow human, I wish you good luck and good spirits... for if you have pedestalled throughout your whole life expedient goals of worldly acquisition, and if you have cheated and swindled your way towards those, it becomes ever crystal-clear, the existential fraud you have built, as days turn to months to years and years and years... the realization moves about in the shadows, stepping out of them eerily and at the worst possible times, manifesting, appearing like a trickster or the fox, and you can see the trick now, you understand now, you start to comprehend the mind-game with which you have fooled yourself. You see the illusion clearer by each blink of the eye. Your worldly ideals - be them rationalistic and reductionist, or ignorant and hedonistic - only takes you so far – and what now? Where is that existential closure we could find in a life of active combat with God? Where is the end time grace for a dirty person? You carry on and suck on those teats of rationality, "we all die, it is natural", yet you do not feel those words in your heart! You have praised a sick ideal as the value to end all values: you have consumed its oxygen; it has sustained your whole life! But do you really think God will redeem a life of sullen mediocrity with the splendid gifts of Heaven? And I guess that is exactly why you fear death, even though you cannot yourself articulate it.

And I think the only way to come to peace with death is to make the best of life. And that may or may not start with the adulation of a rotten deer carcass. In any case, it is a recommendation from me to all youthful seekers!

But I know I was strange; a strange child. Say to me, if you know your own spoiled and ugly children well enough to even answer with honesty and dignity about their inmost nature, how many young boys would do as I would have done

– and so have done – with the large carcass of the woods, poking on its exposed innards with excitement and a contented smile? A childish mouth bent like a crescent moon at the merest sight of the dispersing clouds of flesh-eating flies!

## VIII. The Great Elk of Death

A nothingness fills up with somethingness, which is an erratic randomness—nevertheless, a somethingness. And this something forms in the distance. At first, we can barely see it. Later, we cannot, at any price, unsee it. A silhouette behind the horizon, a Lovecraftian, nightmarish contour. Summon it, perform its miracle, invoke it, call upon it and worship its numinosity: make it your focus, revere its avatar —or just wait long enough— and it reveals itself to you.

Grape, fig, apricot, pomegranate, ritual bowl and candle. A spear, a sword, a leather-cloth, and a sun-disc chariot in miniature. These are the items which I solemnly sacrifice to the Great Elk at the occult turn of every real year. A bowl of anthropodermic coating embellished with ruby, coral, amber and jade I fill with the pungent fowl-blood, and with the breast of the rotting dove's body as carafe - Manifest! Ever-revealing beast of fate, great and kingly *megaloblatta*, tetherer of the *blattaria* legions! You duke of death, entropy's potentate sitting there on your throne-clouds of holocaust ice and vapor! In weird sparks of philosophy and in desultory flashes of spontaneous revelation you can be seen in the above, and I can see into your burning eye-centre clearer by each day. For you are entropy, and without you we cannot live - you outspan all. Our lives are only us, choosing our deaths indirectly. Flakes of wisdom, droplets of dangerous and contagious knowledge moisten the air and pour down like some sour vinegar rain. I fall on my back to the humid autumn grass and catch whatever I can thereof, with my mouth and my lips and my tongue! Death in the sky, I see your dread; absorb your poison do I! Encircling with nasty and protruding tentacles the towering brickwork of Babel do you, an inhabitant of nightmares, glistening like a sun on some azure heaven are you, and with a corona so pungent even comets re-draw their trajectories in order to avoid playing dangerous games with you, the foulest star of them all! A ferment from above, a great dark flame rolling off the edge, off the parapet of the big great burning empyrean; a fire to gobble them, devour them! You are manifest and you are the path forward. Indubitable, abominable, true.

You are the egg-bearer which puts the conundrum of death and evil disease into the hearts of all pregnant women. You struggle under no flag; you are loyal to no denomination and you are uproarious to all hierarchies of man. You are the abomination of death and you fight a war of attrition against life, against the

whole world, clawing yourself out from inside the womb of all Holy love—and we do best in not rousing you, should we wish to keep what is inside, in, and what is outside, out. And who can verily refute you— save a God in transhuman excellence, or perhaps a beast of the forest with all its gullible and primordial ineptitude? But, death on the earth—we feel your dread, and absorb your poison we shall!

Great Elk! Behind you follow the lesser ranks of your entourage, where roach-royalties fly with frail wings and where scolopender-kings mutter and stutter - as do I, like them. I can see their deaths as they happen— like mine. At the command of your steel-bearing appendage, the prince of the world shall fall. The world fell corrupt—and the world burned as the price for it. Hurt by public outrage they became in scandal after scandal after scandal, and they were driven to equally public and scandalous suicides. For you are mighty—and you oust life itself! The little insects all sold their bug-souls for power, to try to become something they were not! And punished they will be, and repentant they will be, and crestfallen they shall become. Some will achieve redemption. Some will die seeking. Some will be kings at royal courts, some will be heroes of myth and saga, some will kill the dragon, some will marry the virgin. Martyrs will perish in divine fits of unendurable clear-sight into the unknown, and sorry losers will be trampled on and smeared, tortured, left for dead; ravaged by unruly packs of wild necrophiles! Some will have busts and plaques in remembrance on mossy stones along ancient quarters of the churchyard, while as some will definitely not. Life is unfair, but death is an equator of holy justice.

And I am a deathly prince. Allow me to bear the crown of that Elk's cadaver! And allow me, Elk – king of the northern forest – to become apprenticed in your respectable scholarship of the one and only oppositional force, which devours life mercilessly! Allow me into your chamber, your laboratory and your classroom, your booth of confession! Allow me shelter in your majestic ribcage, beneath the black, rotting fat, and let me suck from your bone's marrow like a cub suckling the teat of a mother. Allow me into your heart, Great Elk; let me be taught the mystery of spiritual death, of the great transcendency. Teach me the death – deconstruction – of what is, and bring about to my life's book the smudged ink that tells of life's greater work, the great transformation! Introduce me to your Gnostic realm, for I bear the birth-marks of Mani, of Zarathustra, of Basilides and of Miriam the Prophetess... let me place myself in the row before you, our teacher, alongside my dear friend Dihya, the rebel queen of the Berbers, and my brother Job, the tormented one – another two of your devout pupils in a lengthy row of many! I will crawl on the ground like all your adepts so will do, and beside them I will service brotherly, and we shall train as if before a great war: I have by my side the dismembered badger unable to swim, the enucleated owl without a tongue, the squirrel mother with its tail cut off searching

desperately for her cute children snatched by birds of prey – vicious tyrants of the tree spires... yes, I have them all with me as if a legion.

I will subjugate myself to the Great Elk – and I will do so with total devotion on par with only the Christian flagellants of France, Spain and Italy; with the Desert Mothers and Fathers of old Egyptian lands; the Sufi fakirs of ancient India and Arabia; the Ashkenazi anorectics of medieval Germany, and the Sokushinbutsu monks of the Japanese... the blood-thirsty Mohammedans, even – beheading whole ethnicities with the sharpness of Allah's sword – will become overwhelmed by the pace and aggression of my spiritual rites of sacrifice, which will be countless and brutal! I will give my body to mad dances of ecstatic abandon – bruising, sweated ordeals – which will thereafter follow with a lengthy row of mad blasphemies against both body and soul; I will become gripped by outright insane impulses at the inhalation of your putrescinal sacraments, Great Elk, for they will intoxicate me, and bring me to the catacomba of consciousness! I want to smash my skull against a large, grey rock as a means of self-destruction – self-sacrifice! – upon your chancel, the forest soil – for I am weary in the presence of your respectable revelation: you are what I am becoming, and I am what you were before becoming! And with that, we connect through time and space.

Great Elk, such miracle you can work only if I firmly believe in you. I myself will become the first cornerstone of a great temple erect on the shoulders of my own cowardice and littleness of soul. I shalt become eternally one with the breathings of your bestial nostrils, how they wheeze on the hairs of my neck, O Great Elk, for you are hereby and hereafter the absolute symbol of Death, and your face is brimming with the blinding radiance upon the great iconostasis of my spiritual existence. I know my rightful place in the echelon before your paradoxical sermon of love and hate, peace and war, attraction and disgust, darkness and light, and knowledge and ignorance, and together we circumvent – with daggers and deadly spears – the Holy enemy that is continuously emanating like a black pus of Satan from the throbbing wound of the world... and together we strike with vitriol, and together we render modernity's ghost a merest hollow silhouette, sobbing and whimpering, over our chorus of gnashing teeth!

Great beetle of the skies with your wings and eyes of death, I ask into the void with screams and shouts:

"What pilgrim can reject the worship of his final shrine of pilgrimage, and what traveler can scoff at the thought of his destination?"

"What emperor can reign with might without death and violence as consorts, and what hero of the old world can afford to tremble in fear and in terrible foreboding at the sight of the Tiamat of meaning, the glistening one, the one auspicious in chaos, the dragoness of eschatology and existentialism?"

Just like the bright moons' reflection blossoms and spellbinds in the dark water, is death, and the will to die correctly, in blossom in all of us.

Reciters, scribes and votaries of the great scorpion-barbed truth! Bloodlet yourselves on your ephemeral ravenstones before any executor could go about their grisly work! So as to meet the Great Elk on personal terms!

## **IX. A White Light Above the Forest**

I ruminate: Even God must have laughed in pity! No? Surely, he cringed over Adam's betrayal! What a shame, the absolute disgrace...

I think, God gave Adam and Eve freedom, spiritual autonomy, so God is therefore not responsible for Adam's sinful betrayal. But why did freedom happen, why did God create it? If he did not want it! It all confuses me... theological mysteries often intrude my mind – especially when I want to go to sleep or just want to feel good, like now. Trains of thought rush through me, my fingers numb and I shiver in the spine: the original sin was not, contrary to traditional belief, the ingestion of the fruit which God surely had forbidden. No – the original sin occurred with the betrayal of Eve by Adam. And I think it went something like this: God wandered about in Eden, noticing Adam hiding from him, where upon he asked him, "why are you hiding?". At first there was only silence, maybe the warbling of some birds noised about, not much else... maybe some fruit-flies or hummingbirds, something... but the silence made Adam's absence even clearer. Then the air broke. "Because I am ashamed". An answer came after all. "I am ashamed over my nakedness", he continued. "She tricked me into eating the fruit" says Adam to his God! Spiritual treachery! Asshole! What an asshole, that Adam. (Eve, if you ever read this: I will treat you much better: I love you and I will love you in many ways). Adam could not muster to accept that sense of responsibility over his own action: accountability dissolved in the hedonist ethos of the original one! What a depressing insight... the first man betrayed the first woman! And this accountability, which he so clearly lacked, is supposed to be the well-profound and definite criterion of humanity... and not even the first man could do it! (however, I will show you that it is possible!). Adam was weak and Eve had to carry his cross for him. Betrayal hurts and I feel hurt from this too – as if the yoke of Eve's trepidation batters my shoulders as well as hers; as if it is my heredity. I am her follower now... and the insight pierces me from without. Tears fall, I can not control it at all. After a day of tears after yet another, another and another, the night falls over the forest. Sorrow and loneliness become mechanized and integrated into the silent violence of the wilderness sprawling like the very green ocean it is, because sorrow and loneliness reign out here. Chaos reigns too, but in its own

flawed, natural and beautiful way. And love may even be an absolute absent in the wilderness, but I cannot say this for sure. I must yet find out.

The cicada buzz, the insects hum and flies flicker, the nocturnal creatures hiss and I fall asleep to this disharmony on a deep and somber note. I feel like shit, and Itzpapalotl laugh her maddening and egregious laughter all her way from the Thirteen Heavens! Is there phenethylamine for the human soul? I live in my fortress of pessimism but the protean ubiquities and bipolarities of my temperament is in active war with me – and moods change faster than the speed of hungry hyenas of the savanna, and just like them I stare into the unhinged storm of calm. Unflinching tempest of life and death! a world of vicious, corporeal violence, revenge and savage death! But also, something else, a light. That light I sometimes feel, shining my armed towers of tragic existentialism with something not quite as tragic.

The featureless faces of failing paradise grimaces inside my mind like the face of a child in the grievous clutches of a father abandoning it... this loathsomeness, the overall trepidation, the loss of focus and hope.... I feel sick. Vomit gropes my vellum – my vellum responds, but with a scared, cowered intimacy. My peace has been rejected, here is no harmony, and here is no consent. The body does what it needs to, and horrible moments elapse. The body almost never asks for consent! Therefore, we have to contend with its fleshly realities. And I feel sick, that is my current predicament and I hate it but accept it... coercion through intimidation, hostility between body and mind... a reaction has been provoked! I puke, belch, throw up; no longer can I keep the contents of my belly calm and quelled! I regurgitate gall, black like old lead, and clots of bloodied berries... it must be a revulsive scene to observe... and I feel so absolutely observed... and an anxiety arises. Alas, bystanders, walk away! Be my Samaritan, rear away, I beg! Rear! Do to me what Simon the Cyrene did unto Christ... perform the miracle of compassion for I am a beaten, old dog! I Do not know if the sisters can tell my panicked mood, but I feel so ashamed afore them. So, my soul anguishes, I hope they can understand intuitively and parapsychologically: show me humility in my mortal woe, in my humiliation, abasement... I cannot stand... I feel like hell, I cannot let my lovely berry-pickers see me in such cowering shame... I barf like miserable victims of proprioceptive disorders forced at gun-point onto the decks of ships: waters roil and whip around the treacherous headlands... vomit everywhere... my vestibular system, my visual system, the sub-structures of my sense of identity, the underpinnings of my ego, the sum of my neuro-bio-chemical predicaments... upsurge of destabilizing chaos, nightmarish trauma tentacles whipping! Intrusive thoughts vapor upward from fiery vaults beneath! God-forsaken faculties of the psychic cellars evoke the spirits of dissociation! Its ghosts throw Molotov cocktails at me like angry YDG-H youth. Everything I have ever believed, everything I have ever held as

true and even merely possible... it scoffs... intellectual *toxoplasma gondii* paralyzes every subjective truth I claim, and, like a lemmel to the cliff I wander in throes of death toward the ferocity of the feline, its shining teeth, its gluttonous maw, its rancid breath – rotten sardines and the white mold of death...

As we rest, something changes. It is hard to explain, but I can say this much: I feel increasingly uncomfortable and I try to control it, mitigate it, because it is growing. I struggle to quell the rebellion within. The anxious build-up of a monumental journey into the psilocybin kingdoms – that is what it feels like. The landscape transforms slowly and steadily into something altogether new... nervousness and paranoia start to rise like uproarious waves to the dam and my reservoirs revolt but in a kind of cowering, pathetic manner. Nausea bends my jaws open in degradation – this is how Eve must have felt, with Adam's bitter rancor thrusting like the intrusiveness of the rapist! The blasphemous backstabbing! A Stream of black blood, the menarche of the first woman colored the paradise grass... black and murky, her altar of Venus pained and inflamed with disappointment and romantic treason... It is however unclear whether Adam felt guilt over the whole thing or if he just did not care much about Eve even in the first place!

I hate this! Everything comes to me at once! All the dread of living coupled with the uproar and eruption of my body! My consorts, the beautiful girls, do not seem to mind, however. I give way to my paranoia – and I start to think it is a trick. Is it a trick? Enmious, evil quackery... I know it is. Is it? I am not sure! My vision is dizzy and I can barely stand on my feet. I must have ingested some alkaloid; some toxic, inedible berry; some naturally occurring deliriant. And I must ask myself uncomfortable questions... – did the beautiful girls poison me? Fuck! Paranoia breeds with excitement – weird mix – I recommend it with spite to your lover or to your worst enemy! I have seen it many times, the destructive synthesis of paranoia and excitement... as an example, the sun of amphetamine has shone with delirium and bravado strongly in the days of my youth and it has blistered and burned many of the people I have called comrades... but – have they poisoned me? The sun seems more like a judgmental eye now, burning with fiery sarcasm even though I cannot see it: everything darkens, I can see nothing, it is too clogged, the sky. The grey parapets of the heavens are so dismal now, and gloomy... and I cannot for the life of me imagine what lies behind them is any more uplifting... the atmospheric crust above the dome of the earth, nothing more than some celestial Berlin wall... and the graffiti on it says: “stay away”! Well, I think so at least... but I cannot be sure – my Theban is rusty! Clearly, they must be attentive enough as to seem what wreckage I have become over just the lapse of mere minutes! I can read them... I think. Can I? Cynic and



arrogant as I am... however, I cannot lie to myself, what a childish ridiculousness to even try... I need to be clear-headed; I need pneuma, I need air... how can I take this for granted – I cannot. On another note, maybe only futile moments have passed... I do no longer trust my conception of timeliness. Seconds... even less than that! Maybe I have lost also this sense of reality: derealization, depersonalization... I fall without rope into the cavern of doubt, I have no friends on the outside to help me, and down there, in some cold and wet cave, some grotto – *Hira?* – I am sexually assaulted byimps of demoniac psychedelia... small as they are, their sexual ferocity is primatial. Only the premier of human rapists could give these maniacs a challenge – I cannot imagine any animal that would tear a prey apart with such ferociousness and sadism as these malevolent forces batter this body... I suffer now. And nothing I can longer take for granted except for the seemingly innate beauty of the smiles I have above me, these two opulent suns showering me in the grace of otherworldliness... and they utter words now... it feels better, a little anyway. And be sure I take what I can lay my filthy hands on – like a heroinist of good moods, I do whatever – I would sell my cute anus for love! I put dirty syringes in my toes, my loins and my neck in pursuit of the high of being appreciated and admired... and I am the addict of romantic affirmations! Do you not think I disdain myself for this? I need in my blood circulating the feeling of being needed...

What have I become? I am a temple of strange sperm and withered veins, inside which the soul of something old thinks of itself as something new! I am a dumping site of romantic emotions! I serve the hoof of insoluble and ridiculous paradox... I walk the beaten paths of wailing prostitutes, resentful and hopeless as I am.

Pine, spruce, larch — be my witness as I lead my pack of wolves across these taiga-lands of existentialism, for I am the biome of conflicting identities and my winters are harsh, my summers, mild: yes, I am the earth — I am its plains, its forests, its rivers, the land on which we graze, hunt, kill. Look to the forests to the north! For I am the oldest of its conifers... the fir of might and age... and I am the sad and forgotten spirit, the looming apparition, the heart of the boreal wind and the whirling storm of ice! My body is the murky sea, my breath is the hoarfrost in the foliage of coastal pines — yes, I am the specter over moors at night wailing the lost love, and when I dream, I dream poleward! And with the boreal night having lulled me to sleep, I can hear the ambience of the Baltic ocean-waves crashing into the beaches and rough cliffs... Yes, I have found my rugged way across the sea: the winds have caught my sails, often with favor but sometimes with great misfortune, and my journey has been perilous and in fact it is perilous still, although nowadays I have reached my shore and I have concluded that the ultimate answer to every question is: I do not know.

Every person should wake up in the morning with one simple first thought: "I am a lousy human and I know nothing, and today I will start my journey to change that!".

I am confused, alienated, disoriented, aroused. My footsteps sink in mud. Eerie and cold, like the wind over snow-clad pine forests, I hear muffled voices... murmurs of bleating... ecstatic... distorted human voices, as if heard through a weird filter. Voices as if tampered with, pitched down to a bizarre disfigurement beyond the chords of both man and beast. It is not the girls whispering and screeching... they are as beautiful as ever, and they do not speak words right now; rather, they speak intuitively and through spirit, like warrior queens to their armies. No, this was something else. I hallucinate still, and some otherworldly presence is around me. Words of love and compassion stuck in its very throat; the humanity of it was kind of raped out of the black mouth of aether spewing this grunting sodomy of noises, and pounding distantly, like an underlying pattern to it all, or like a fisher's web on the very bottom of things, was a monotonous sound of primeval drumming, like a framework almost, to this extravagant situation. Only slightly above the threshold of what a human ear can possibly perceive, it was, like a carpet covering the whole of the forest. I could hear vague dialogues over the dim noise of sparkling fires and locust choruses, but I could not, to my dismay, discern a single word - as if they spoke, but without any melody at all, and without mutual understanding, they just mocked each-other, but not with words - with noises. As if their pallets parched by the second, like shoved with the dryness of whole deserts, and they merely tried to form words. It escalated slowly at first but picking up pace exponentially, soon to a jumble of human voices, a hobo of strange proto-words and guttural vociferations; a crucible - this black grove became - of weird and mutilated tongues. I could hear violent outbursts of bestial-sounding grunts reminiscent of the primitive moaning of aroused apes molesting their female kin, but it was so suddenly cut off again and again by acute shrieks, high pitched, charged with desperation or ecstasy or both as to rouse curiosity and intimidation in me. I follow the girls, but only to the greatest extent of my ability: the girls are determined in their unrelenting pace and resilient to wind and weather are they, and, with roaring gales of hallucination, I become stuck in the eye of their storm. I go in and out of visions, and I can see a range of hill and mountain, I think we will soon reach the base of the mountain: I have seen it in my prophecy and I freeze in bedlam. Confusion, dread, dubiety. I got caught like game in the scope of the skillful hunter. I am squeezed by panic, embraced by fear, soothed by memories, clawed to shreds by nostalgia. Paradoxical syllogisms bend the fiber of logic inside my soul: I see the mountain which does not exist. I thence ponder the nature of reality - how could I not, given the harrowing circumstances? Must a subject depend on atomic materialization, a physical manifestation, in order

to become real; appear real? Maybe to become real is not the same as to appear real. Yes? No? I get stuck on all manner of weird lysergic acid or psilocybin type thought-patterns... Either way, I am on to something to which I barely have scratched a surface. My experience is the most important experience and my reality is subjective as it is, and I worship this subjective existence: the notion of objective reality is existentially invalid as an idea, as the objectivity of truth and reality is only the sum and the integration of a vast majority of subjective realities into one. And what does this mean? it is only the majority of the collective which decides the nature and the definition of so-called objectivity. If one person musters truth in this silly world, it is subjective; so, when ten, hundreds or thousands of persons word the same exact truth, something happens – a socio-chemical reaction: the scale turns to majority... this is surely a democracy of existence, and in these courts, subjectivity is just a facade; illusion; *make-believe*.

We have laws to protect the objectivity of morality – Kafkaesque terror of the mind. Truth cannot be fettered, it must not be, because there is no truth in morality. Only in science – natural science – one could talk sense about the notion of objectivity... but these paths we better not tread yet: the peril of insanity lurks around these realms like a feral wildcat... thoughts bombard, and the mountain leers silently... It is with a heavy existential approximation of this depressing epistemological scheme I continue to carry my life. Alas, I withdraw my drogues from the water and set sail to the shores of my home with a sense of non-completion, and when I come home, my wife awaits with the miscarriage of ambition and aspiration dead in the embrace of her bosom... it is a great sorrow, yes it is, but many years later I will, safe from the crenelated tower, report to conclude that the original pathogen of the final suicide wave of humanity was in fact love, as a general so also for me — love, that monstrosity of the abyss which rose to the surface! The typhoon of emotion... yes, love strangled embryos and love hurled spears; love desecrated holy matrimones and love cuffed losers and failures in loneliness: yes, love kills like a virus, but a thing even worse – is the immunity to it... I wanted to hang myself too, believe me, "but as the dog returns to his vomit, so the fool returns to his folly"!

## **X. The Sermon of Love**

One night I thought so deeply about love. And I concluded some things I think of it. I will rant about these things for a few pages.

I think true love, and to truly love, is to fight against a human instinct for emotional and spiritual safety and stability, because love is a fire. The notion

that love is some kind of Eden-like state of bliss and tranquility is one of the most irritatingly persistent tropes in pretty much all human culture. It is dishonest and it is a false preposition. It is a cheap idealism and a parasite burrowing its way through the flesh of love (love as a psycho-emotional, cultural and spiritual reality). And to love (as in a verb), truly and with passion, is to take no prisoner but to execute them all with a bullet to the back of their necks! For the lover, and the relationship with that which has become loved, is not a mechanism of society but rather its negation or even its antithesis, a magnetic contrast embedded in a fiery cocoon of destructive potential – for this is the essence of true love: if your love can not break boundaries and if your fists are not strong enough to raze the brick wall between you and the subject of your love, then you are not a lover in the explicit or even the heroic sense, but a mere craver of a love, a dreamer, someone who tries to capture love! give up on love and you are a human tucked in with the cotton-blanket of some distant, existential dream of happiness... Yes, I make it clear: to love is not to exercise a human right. To love is to be blessed with a privilege of suffering, and the idea that love is never harmful and that love can never harbor within itself the seed which grows into a self-destructive impulse against the very thing at which you direct your love, it is surely a puny and quite pathetic idea. The true justification of love, its essential legitimacy of being-there, is the potential of it to raze everything else to the ground, to exhaust the resources of egalitarian society for the greater good of the subject and its love and to deplete the cornucopia of ecumenical human efforts and the civil together-ness that is founded like a temple of Solomon on the foundations of modern society... and the mechanisms and trends of this modern society are being favored above all else, they are being architected as if houses of worship of the Sacred, as if modern society would indeed be like God... but become not too jubilant over it, for alas the presence of true love is a diabolical force which works for the exhaustion of such a society – it is the sword of subjective authenticity which cleaves it right in two, into two halves! And the *burningness* of your own love is the fulfillment of this authenticity...

A society based on true love is a society of a conflicting and enmious ethos beyond compromise, with one part, roughly speaking, promulgating the unitarian morality and developing this concept with fervor and delineating an epigenetic human nature of universality to it, while the other part, being marginalized and ever-drowning in the modernity of this unitarian morality, even roughlier speaking, posits that true religions (contemporary ones as well as the ones lost to the deep maw of time) promote or at least are willing to entertain the idea of an essential religious underpinning to human nature, which is to say that this part tries to motivate an incentive to pursue religious ecstasy and to become smitten with the great malady of passion... for it is just that which

is the antidote to the religions of the flesh always contemporary, always there, as if filthy bed-bugs, always marketing their stupid commercialization of the soul, always pitching their infantilization by divine providence to the clueless vermin swarming around them! In fact, if cleared of their magical coatings and should their rituals of ancient orthodoxy be subject to modern investigation and reinterpretation, it would be revealed nakedly that they do not contain much of actual theologizing, but are rather by sheer example of their own practices more like social clubs or organizations and psychological associations; identitarian tribalism: constructs of social and cultural code – and I proclaim it to the very profound trepidation of the Imam, of the Pastor, and of the Rabbi!

Egalitarian and humanist religions are social triumphs, nevertheless, spiritually fraudulent. How they still believe they speak the word of God! These shallow “front-religions” did not start out like the empty castles in the air they have become, for they have in themselves the genealogy of the very mystery God itself originates from and constitutes, as evident to this day and through-out history in the fringed and marginalized proximities of its mainline traditions: Gnostics, Sufis, Aghoris, ascetics, fakirs, deep meditators, saints, martyrs, terrorists, holy fools and divine auxiliaries — these are the ambassadors of the Religion! And the crisis of love in contemporary life stems from the uproarious nature of this religion, because love goes way beyond the society it is crammed into and expected to work within (and also expectedly fine-tuned into fitting within).

The idea that, as long as you circumcise, follow some basic rituals, call yourself a good Muslim, a good Jew or Christian, bathe correctly, dress correctly and is cautious with certain foodstuffs, you should be okay, is a stupid one.

This idea is theologically invalid and it defaces the true nature of religion. These are behaviors, taboos, conventions, social rules. This is culture – not religion. Surely it is religious culture, but it is not religiosity, spirituality. It is not Religion. The way I see it, culture rests upon religion; not only as some cyst or some malign overgrowth, no, but rather as a moss of the ages sleeping on the bedrock beneath; a high and green grass coming out of it, or a meadow of both beautiful and ugly flowers sprawling from the soil primordial... Often somewhat symbiotic this relationship has been, but far from always (especially Muslim societies as a general and some bygone eras of Christendom – as well as contemporary American perversions of Christianity – comes to thought). In direct words, God does not care about the details. As an example, it is feasible to say that the Books of Leviticus is penned by human hands, and also steered to a large degree by subconscious human motivations. How, when and where you eat supper or go about your personal hygiene is not necessarily a theological concern but rather a socio-cultural one, I would think... – yes, that is it. This is my frank and well-grounded belief. If I was in love with someone, I would

encourage that person to seek for the God within. But I am not in love with the world, so instead I scream: stop the petty bullshit! You are making politics and tribalism out of it... God never commands these trivial, worldly, petty materialistic pursuits... – you do! Your family does. Your culture and your community does. And sometimes even the state will meddle with it (historically mostly, but it continues with ravenous persistence to this very day – especially, again, in Muslim societies). Just be honest with this, and afterwards, the great work can finally get going for real. I would say personally that I do not think God is or is not a fan of circumcision and is or is not grossed out by menstruation. Do not paint the Holiness with your petty human bullshit. These are human cultural projections, which are, technically speaking, completely irreligious in core and in essence. God is not human and therefore not of human nature. Thus, any attempt or impulse of psychologizing God is truly a mistake and theologically it is an extremely costly one. This false religion is, so to speak, "anthropo-psychologizing" God; or, in any case, it attempts it. True religion however, in contrast, obscures God, mystifies Him, cloaks Him righteously, and respects this incomprehensible nature of the Divine, and embellishes that with beautiful metaphor, shrouds him in poem and art, and weeps for his grandiose return and wisdom in revelation.

God is there, absolutely He is, with His eye omnipresent, ever seeking, ever staring into, and through, the hearts of men! And in there, God sets up His court; our actions, our words, our strife and our character becoming subject of trial and Divine acumen. But understand that it happens not in some human way... For metaphor and poetry is the language of God on earth. God does not answer, and He is not to be directly spoken to. God has no personality, no self-awareness, no agency in the material world! Only we do. God is something else altogether. God is ever-quiet, merely being there. Silent, yes, but indeed there, and for the honest pilgrim of the soul to discover - to harness power from; to float into; to get possessed by and without rope nor torch fall into!

Yes! In false religion, everything is about what God does, what God wants, what God thinks, what God condemns and what God commands... I think the element of subordination and servitude becomes perverted in many worldly cultures. Many folks allow themselves seduction into that bondage, which has become a corrupted bondage; it allows its brethren a kind of passive delight, a banquet of irresponsibility on the floor supine, with fat bellies and weak hearts, gasping like beasts for deep nasal breaths as they stuff their mouths with a bland sludge of capitulation and existential inertia. I consider myself deeply religious but I reject the premise that we are slaves under Christ or under any other deity or prophet. Adoration does not mean cowering, cringing subservience, and humility is not a term to describe a passive, crippling form of self-loathing. Worship is not synonymous with resignation, and to fear God is to love God and

to promise to make the ultimately best of life one can possibly achieve. Some people love the aspects of psycho-spiritual dependence that religion can, regrettably, provide - some people tend to their dogma like dogs in leashes to masters. And while I am very big on the humility and respect, and the notion of sacrality in this mundane existence, the awe of Mary's grace and the adoration of Holier matters, I can not live my life thinking of myself a slave. I understand the notion, but I must reject it. I want to be a soldier, not a slave, of God. I want to build a magnificent physique holding in, thwarting a great deluge of heart and soul roaring, tumbling, clashing therein... crushing waves of creativity held back only by bulwarks - of will and of grace and of muscle! The true, personal religion begins with human agency - an act of faith which leads to an act of will, or vice versa. You can not be religious without going through yourself upward. The true religion benights the wisdoms it holds, because they are ever-benighted, not because of some self-aware and falsely pretentious obscurantism, no, but because we are simply not sensibly nor spiritually equipped to directly deal with it.

*"De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine."*

They joined the prayer with a whisper. I nodded and smiled. One sister took a big smoke and exhaled deeply through her nose a strong scent, an aroma of power, like a goddess. She fell silent, lost seemingly in thought, but suddenly engaged: "I think you are right. Furthermore, I think faith must connect through our hearts, because that is our route, our portal, our passage and our gateway - our only one. I guess you would agree. The false ones try to persuade themselves that they carry out the Work of the Lord by merely showing up; by merely identifying; by merely dressing right, eating right, and by merely proclaiming her belonging - not for reasons of personal spirituality, of course, but for reasons of community and the perceived purpose it spawns. What kind of a human being can honestly rise above the quicksand of being one of the many? A rare kind, I tell you. I do not exactly blame them, scathe them, cast spells of fire on them for it. I understand the masses for losing at it- "

I interject quickly, fiery: "...but I sincerely can not respect it! I am human myself, and God knows I am a weak and puny dog or a rat, but not even I have the audacity to call such behavior religion! For I consider it a mockery of whatever is Holy." I almost screamed the last words.

"Yes. Rather, what is the foremost concern is to which extent you war for Him, with Him, by Him. But remember: warring for Him is always warring for yourself. But this is not some egoist philosophy or some blasphemous mockery of the Glory of God, no. We are just not capable, I think, of worshipping God in any other way. But if you take battle for Him, honestly and with courageous,

transcendental love, you become part of Him. For example, a prayer is never thought or uttered with the intent of making God, as some external being out there, happy. Rather, the prayer is thought and/or uttered with the aim of transforming whomever prays. That is the mysterious tribology between Man & God. It will live through you. Let the Spirit in! You are not under Him then, but with Him. Do not surrender, do not capitulate, do not submit – but worship! Worship, adore, adulate, kiss the feet of His saints in reverence! But don't neglect and get reckless with the boils of bravado! Empathy can become a drug too! And humility may turn the man with a weak heart into some moral eunuch, a harlot of pity detestable!"

"But remember. The bow is yours; the arrow is yours; the hands are yours; this is true... you release the arrow, you are the killer, the hunter. But in that momentary flash in time and space when the arrow hits and drills the flesh of its prey or enemy – then God is; not you."

"Who knows what God really is. But we can all, I think, agree that God does not possess a human psychology. But God may leave its wounds in the psychology of humans and affect it, claw at it, challenge it. Because God for the human, at least in great part, is the transcendental will and power with which we describe the most amazing feats of our fellow men and women; by which we are vulning our values to the great fire in the sky; to which we erect our temples and give our glory with love, zeal and art, and in the embrace of which we dare say: I believe in miracles! - for what is not a greater miracle than that of a human being writing life with blackest ink the poetics of love, God and conquest? And what is a greater virtue than living life with fortitude, righteousness and grace in the burning face of the mighty and terrible Accuser himself?"

"The amorous dialogue between the hero and the goddess of love has within itself the quantum of spiritual terrorism. The ecstasy of eroticism and romantic passion subsidizes a potential violent breach of the canonized ethos of modernity. To be subjective and to live out the example of authenticity, and to tread wholeheartedly the path of it, is to become alive in the truest sense of the word. You are not born alive — you are just born into life. There is a difference. You aspire to become alive, and if you fight for it, alive you shall become."

"But in order to rescue love from the claws of the masses, a kind of voluntary responsibility must become the ethos of the hero, for it is with love he compasses the world he is thrust into: yes, the hero must utilize this love in his navigations of the world he has found himself thrown into. The very amorous relationship of the hero with the otherness in which he finds his call to passion is indeed a relationship with the uncertainty of future, and it is an act of lustful love — with its trepidations, its indefiniteness and its precarious unforeseeableness — for that is indeed love, and it is the nakedmost of all loves!



In order to approach this infinitude of uncertainty and doubt, the prowess of self-sacrifice must indeed be pedestaled: self-sacrifice is the highest criterion by which we measure the successes of traversing the overgrown jungle-hell of absurdity, the future in which we are locked in pillories without ever having set a foot in the weird and strange soil of it... and, what amongst all this, is love? It is just that. The transcendence of absurdity by sheer passion. That's everything." "I ask you: have you ever been in love? Have you ever loved in a very meaningful way? Have you been torn from the inside out, possessed by devils, lost in mists and in the woods of the night... have you ever run the gauntlet of love, mocked by bystanders, ridiculed and scoffed by those within yourself you have never been able to strike a peace deal with? One must be an ocean, an unexplored wilderness, a great vast unknown throbbing like the phallus of a rapist, in order to receive the polluted stream, the oil spill of love without becoming corrupt, poisoned, made impure, tainted by the treacherous properties of it: I do not know if I can swallow the oil leak; I do not think that I am ocean enough. I have fought to handle it but recurrently I have lost this struggle, and that makes me afraid. Yet I love! I am a loveful being... — and I have loved a woman with great prowess and passion: this woman was the innocence of the child but at the same time, she was the raging fire of the forest no-one knew, and she is to this very day the archer of compassion, her arrows benight the sky! And it makes me ruminate: I wonder about affection, the nature of it, is it not obvious to me? I may conclude that, no, it is not. I was in love with the devil herself, and love kills both when you have it — and when you do not. That is the great erotic sarcasm of the world. I gave her things I did not even own, and there was apparent dysfunction in that — but hearken though the passion of my love for this woman! She was the warrior-princess alongside Gudit and Jhani, fighting her own war no-one but her knew — quietness and sanity, what a facade... she laid with insanity as she laid with me, and she was the beauty of the Sumerian priestess, the lonely one, they called her En'heduanna (and I called her something else). I have been to Gog and Magog and through the portals of the four corners I have travelled. I have wandered earths of many far peoples. I have seen tremendous hospitality and love, but also its opposites. I have seen child-murderers and night-spirits, death-worms, *Krokodil*-abusers...

But also, I have seen heroes and the deeds of them and their ilk. The world is in an organic ever-transforming process of separation of and confrontation between the forces of good and evil. As much as I have seen the wicked malevolence with my own innocent eyes, I cannot wipe from my retina the images of **love and beauty** I too have seen: these phenomena seem oscillating in ever balance and they are constants. Sometimes, ugliness and beauty are divided with only a straw of princess hair... Yes, I visited a witch once, she lived in an ancient hut in the Lunsen forest, built totems from the crania of dogs and

masturbated to the smell of scared children... but nevertheless I saw profound beauty in her eyes and I ended up living with her for a prolonged period of time. In our greater moments I felt as if I could understand her: her love, in any case, I felt thoroughly: I do not think I have ever met a more amorous person — yet I cried, and yet I wept thick tears, which made me conclude of love that love's destructive capabilities are systemically understated and overlooked, and it is due to the blatant wishful idealism of romanticism which permeates contemporary socio-culture... or at least that is my spontaneous diagnosis of it all, and once and for all, I make this clear: I am a philosopher, for I love wisdom. I am an existential diagnostician. Maybe I can be wrong about this, but people want to believe this factoid of love — and I am myself a hopeless romantic, so I can fully understand the feeling of a proclivity for doing so... but there is a gruesome reality to it, underpinning it like the piles of a house on a frozen tundra..."

"For it is so weird and punishing, this love, and sometimes you fall into it so hard that you even die — yes, you fall to the ground of it, to the hard and cold asphalt, and you become sore and bruised: you then get curb-stomped by the angry demons of romance until your face is the face of a nightmare and your teeth has become small precious jewels rattling in the gutters! To fall in love is to fall down. It is an obsession. Love is pathologically disturbing and we all fear it on some level. Love is a drug addiction which is worse than any other drug addiction because it cannot be stopped should the junkie actually want it! If you are hospitalized or incarcerated, you can no longer use heroin — but the imps of love will still keep you company, that's for sure."

"Is the human soul and personality actually a sewer flowing with feces and the grimy water of resentment but therein somewhere hiding a golden stream of love, a nerve of honey amid the flow of shit and tampons, a vein of purity within the cluster of dirty needles and disgusting condoms clogging this repulsive and reeking pathway of the underworld? Yes: what is love if not the aorta of human destructivity? I ask you not with glee nor with sarcasm — I want to learn! But until further notice: yes, love — the burning white eye of destructivity. But you! You who put love on the pedestal, and nothing but love indeed — go on and live your little lie that your unconditional love and nothing but unconditional love and tolerance will save everything good from everything bad! Yes. No. I say: love will surely set you free, this is true! But if you do not hate, you will never have the slightest idea as to what you have been freed from... how do one, then, undertake the task of freeing oneself from darkness through love? I have no idea what you should do, and in any rate it is none of my concern, but personally I write in order to escape this hell, and I aspire to escape hell in order to escape love... but it is a paradoxical reality, because even hell, with its impuissant torments, its punishments and its debaucheries is bearable with love, and

meaning, in it: hell burns with a fire, but it is not the furnace of torture that lights up this hell for me, but my hell is aglow with the pharos of affection, and as long as the prospect of life-long love is there with me hope will glow and spark like the brimstone, or like how mine and her cute fire flickered above all steppe and storm! How she gathered all her palettes and painted my useless soul! Brushing across my body the ochre of her womanhood, her henna smudging my skin beautifully... I did not wish to pull back and withdraw from her opium and her smiles, the haze of loving delirium, the crisp mist of hugs I steered myself through like a ship of ghost and specter... but it is what it all boiled down to in the end, it is the scentful stock of our love, for we simmered it from our own choice, yes, we made this choice for ourselves: we got lost in a forest of the insoluble and labyrinthine calculus of human relations... indeed, all newly-loved couples believe of themselves to be immune to the infectious disease of impermanence, so did we, but obviously we were not immune, and so it bitterly turned out. But we are bitter no more, our hopes have been kindled anew, and in fact, I shall profess under the star of honesty that I do not think it ever flickered dangerously close to ever becoming fully put out. Ever. For love cuts a path straight into our souls, and then it becomes trapped there, inside mind and inside flesh, as if in a flask a wooden ship, and the only way to take it out therefrom is to break the bottle, crush the glass, cut the flesh...

Yes, my proposition is this: true love exists within you until you die.

No matter what."

I am sure that I in my future days shall commit myself again to love, for what else could one do? I am asking the world; it is a humble and open question: what else could I do? Yeah, I have made up my mind: I shall slit the gut of love again; lick with passion the membrane of its viscera, the offal of disgust: liver; kidney; colon; I shall eat all from love's cadaver like a dog of the streets from a trash can! Maybe the same smooth soul from before will bless me anew, and maybe not, but I know that at least I shall slit the gut of love, and I shall drag the putrescence of it out therefrom as to perform the ritual haruspicy so that I may hopefully understand what I could and what I could not do for her! With this measure, perhaps we may love again at the end of very days, like Dumuzid and Inanna loved mordaciously with the dagger held to each-other's throats — of what they were in principle! For it is only the lovers at the brink of madness and possession which may love beyond all boundary... yes, verily, as the gods themselves intended: I tell the world, I tell you all, as if a sermon from the pulpit, that true love is hell — but that I regret not one thing I have done under the sign of it nor in the name of it: I regret not a single one of the kisses I have given under this the mistle-toe of existentialism: yeah, we have all heard this: a picture says more than a thousand words! Indeed, but a thousand pictures might say less than this single one word, and the word — yes, this word — is love, for it is

impossible being human without having a relationship to this word and the concept it symbolizes, and without having an intuitive understanding of its phenomenological predicaments you cannot be called human, for it is with its central position in the pantheon of archetypes that love exercises its might and influence: the emotional and spiritual implications it bears on a human soul are devastating.

"Yes. I will tell you what a black and hideous obscenity love can be: what a monstrosity which masticates and swallows and digests in its abominable bowels our whole lives... I have felt it firsthand, if not its whole destructive power, then at least my body has been tattered with fragments from its explosion... who can flee such a thing? Through its punishing maze we are forced to wander shackled like coal-faced slaves... well, not forced exactly but we often feel the evilness of its sole alternative which is the sarcastic option to instead paint ourselves into melancholic corners with the colors of loneliness and dejection... in isolation from friend and foe, aloof from the beauty of a smile or from the symphonious melody of a loved one's laughter... away from the smell of human meat and of human skin which lures us into trancelike states which we love so much, that lavender incense of genitalia – the fragrant flowing of pheromone holocausts through the air vibrating the hairs in our nostrils and curls us like pathetic dogs under the cane! For we are merely human... and I have yet to meet the depraved genius unwilling to love!"

"In its primeval mists, which engulfs us in the complete spectrum of human emotion that washes over us like the magnificent tsunami destroying without selection nor prejudice, we dance backwards to the bleating monotony and shrill whines of its mysterious pipe."

"The dying and the silencing of love is suffering to most of us; thence we define ourselves as love-capable beings, because the spoils of that war are not valuable enough to us... we can't imagine for ourselves a life without it, and so we continue carrying the crushing weight of it. We carry our suffering. Some with pride, some with bitterness. It is hard to foresee of what fabric one really is. Man can't stand the merest idea or even the suggestion of a loveless life, and he who can, is sick of heart, we say. The possibility of the human being to suppress that profundity I hold as unlikely, but there are perhaps people capable of this miraculous spiritual feat, this disruptive unorthodoxy within the genealogy the human nature itself, for I know, that a myriad times I have been taught wildly about the potential of the human being, and I have been forced to learn the erratic nature of her... and my thought is that the human being does seem to have as many fixed courses for its destructive flood as it has individual divergents straying from it! But to be the recluse of love and to wage war against the warmth of it must be the yoke crushing shoulders by the very minute and second, and I cannot conceptualize in my thoughts a more devastating hopelessness..."

we condemn it as deviation and anomaly, and with the blink of an eye, we dehumanize the one unable to love; we debase the love-hermit as cold of heart; indifferent to human emotion; lesser for not being as able. Sincerely, is not the want and will to love the very criterion by which we measure humanity, is it not the greatest ecumenical value?"

"Love arises from its pitch-black repose and devours mercilessly; with hooks lodging into our naked bodies, it tears us asunder, to bits – to unrecognizable shreds of humanity – and in the end we are moist stools in its colon; we are reduced and humiliated by it, and yet we seek and continue to seek! The hope for love dies slowly, twitching, like a rat in incubating plague! And the spark of this hope wanes cold not a single second before the final moment of irrevocability, of the biological and spiritual death... it drags you down to Charybdis... to the gluttonous maws of the depths! It occurred to me, and to many of us I am led to believe, that love to the human is what water is to the rabid, what darkness is to all the children – but what rabid can prolong their heinous disease, I tried to reason, by not drinking... and what kind of child can possibly grow ripe without exploring its own darkness?"

## **XI. A Voice Beckons from the Pulpit**

Above an olden wood-path, an abandoned trail of the ancestral foresters, oaken twigs have arranged themselves into something beautiful, and it is beneath this sinuous beauty I awake. The night has been rough on me, I can feel it with every move my limbs makes and with every twist and turn in the ligaments of my flesh. I have rested awkwardly in the position of a beggar or perhaps like a leper outcast left to his bitter fate; rough stones have been my pillow and the whorled branches of the mighty spruce have been my canopy. I open my eyes and as the lids separate painfully from the dryness of my swollen eye-balls I hear muffled sounds of my cohorts awakening into the sun-bright dawning... I can hear their arms stretch a wide, upward, with the cracking sound of loins and tendons. I hear cute grunts echoing the deepest offing of sleep and the long, wide-mouthed yawns drag out slowly like the net of a fisherman: soon it will catch words in its meshes, and we can start speaking to one-another, but until then, I will leave her to the inconveniences, privacies and intimacies of the every one's morning ritual... but I am surely eager... I feel a weird urge to speak with them! Especially since I can slowly start to feel the effects of my Lyrica demon, always on my shoulder, spitting his venom into my mouth. I want to know where they come from; what they are, who they are, and, honestly speaking, why they behave with such interest towards me! I want names! And I want to cartograph their personalities; I need being the explorer of these oceans! Not merely a helpless

shipwreck at the mercy of a storm's pity! Have I not made myself worthy to hear their simple names? I would not want to disturb them, nor can I impose on them anything in any way without it being a mortal transgression of dignity: no, I can wait. The girls may talk when words flow from the source unhinged, and meanwhile, I shall not be like a mosquito of the summer night attacking retardedly with relentlessness... no, I wait until my suckage can commence with consent – but let us not fool ourselves: I need the answers to my questions like mosquitoes need their blood. I lay a thousand eggs at every dusk, every last of them containing a question... most are hatched and then forgotten, killed off by some metaphysical and uncompromising law, but a few may survive the crucial first hours and rise to the task of their kind: small, blood-sucking propagandists of intellectual parasitism... though I must wait, and I must muster to control the whipping waves and keep hold the storm of seas behind the dams – and with the breastplate-armor of patience and passion, I can withstand the lance of the enemy, and with my sword in the scabbard of discipline, I may fend off any dragon and any pack of strangling thugs... I am weary for blood, but I shall maintain myself... meanwhile, I can anchor safely my questions at the docks; there they can boil and bask in the sun for a while! That will only do them good. We have the Sisyphean eternity to ponder afore us, for we shall surely never die! Right? We shall carve remembrance in the runic stones and we shall boil our blood in cauldrons on the earth so that the smoke may rise to the heavens as a sacrifice to the timeless: time is of no importance; I can wait, I said. Did not I say that, stupid reader? It is alright, I shall ask my questions, a moment shall present itself, but until then, I shall grant them space. I would squirm like a tortured dog with the feeling of becoming the subject of annoyance... it diminishes my courage and it crooks my posture vehemently. However, I shall begin to gather the faculties, for still I lie down in my sleeping position, stiff and sore as I am. My neck makes a cracking sound as I look to the woman sleeping to my left. I look to the woman sleeping to my right: still, I feel at home ... they will answer, but I should not be so eager and restless... – yet, would it be for the best to nurture some fear in me, or in the least, a stable dose healthy suspicion? After all, I no longer remember the trails we choose to tread, and the stars no longer appear to be friendly and guiding in their constellations... and every tree and every marsh looks the same these days, and I must be so far from the village of my youth by now – surely many suns of ardent travel separate me from my birth-home! I know – understand – that I am the hostage of this dense taiga, and it should frighten me more so than it actually manages to do. I did never leave a trail of crumbs, and no Thesean thread runs like a tail behind me. I am scared but I shall leave it to fate! My spine feels weak and my tongue is the bridge of failing language, yet I struggle the struggle of Gilgamesh... I shall verily slay my dragon as he punished his, with a blow of

death to the neck! I too shall muster the will of adventure and hit heavily on the gate-stones of Irkalla, and I shall put my gold on the horse that always wins gloriously or loses degradingly. I tell myself – do not become the fucking coward you despise, lest I smite you with the brimstone of the soul...

I swear the oath of adventure. I mock myself at the thought of turning back without the golden medal. My feet rest steadily on the first step of the circular stairway downward the metallic and clinical, cold and wet cellars of self-loathing, and I start to lose myself.

One of the girls greets me good morning – and I can still not tell them apart. Neither of them has told me names, and they must surely be twins – such is the measure of their physical similarity... their faces are so alike. I too respond with a formal greeting and a weak, dead smile, which though turns more and more genuine as every little moment passes by (and as my Lyrica demon hugs the soul tighter by the minute). And this I cannot deny within me: she looks frankly beautiful. I melt into the aesthetics of things for the few blessed moments, before my serenity of mind is broken: the two girls seem stressed right from the start, and I too start to stress with them; such is the power of their influence over me. They smile at me and I smile back like some spineless boy on the schoolyard, curled by pheromonal clouds! Though my smile is no longer dead and ugly... it is now opulent and imbued with the passion of lightheartedness (thank you, demon!). I gather the storms of my character and I ask them nervously – queasy to ridicule and rejection – if there is a hurry of some sort, or if there will be time to rest or maybe to bathe in the stream we found yesterday just a few minutes north of camp... unison in crisp voices they smile and proceed to explain the motivations behind the eagerness of their exertions: *they simply must not be late*. They cannot be late back to the village, there is a schedule to take into interest here, lest their Lord will smite them with punishments and disappointments, and that would only serve negativity and shame. They insist that we should leave instantly in such a pace as to even forget or neglect our rucksacks, as if they had completely forgotten about the whole affair, or as if they got some astute vision from an angel on a cloud just moments ago. The only thing they seem to care about is the jars of berries they had been picking – they say, it was the whole mission from the start: the collect of berries in the hinterland, for such moist and eccentric food does not grow in the peripheries of the village, they said – local lore explains these berries as having a mystical property to them, a weird perception of aroma and odor.

“You see, they cannot thrive well within the reaches of the stench of human morality – with such strength do the ethos of man inflict disturbance to the flux of nature! Did you know that? There is something with those berries neither man nor beast can grasp.” Well, all I know is what I can see with my own two eyes: that the air is crisp and it is a foggy morning. And I can see, as if I am

suddenly the one having the astute vision, that suddenly one of the girls move about her body with a sacredly feminine elegance and assumes a slender lotus posture upon the rock. She proceeds to slice as with a sharp knife the air with her voice and utters aloud as if the somber announcement of a vicar the evangel of dire destitution from the silver-embellished pulpit...

And I am demanded of my attention.

*“We are the Auroras and the two Zorza!”*

“We are the ones who guard the winged doomsday-hound in its leash and tether lest the coffles break in his impetuous and cataclysmic tantrums! And if so happens, the wolf will surely wreak loose the apocalypse upon the earth! But we shall not let that happen yet, for we are the goddesses which surveil the Polaris star and trap it in its mysterious orbits which is its home, the astral prison of the gluttonous beast of the outside! We guard the roaring mouth of demon-spirits with a mane of burning reed, the saw-toothed hell-lion of the abyss which swallows the sun in one single bite... and he is also the wolf venerated as Hati or sometimes as Mánagarmr amongst the Norse and as Simargl amongst the western Slavs... and it is hell itself that we guard! For we are the Zorza, or Zorya, the heavenly daughters of Dadžbóg, Solar King! We are the Zorza and we come from Buyan! Our lineage is firmly rooted in the island beyond the threshold, where all weathers trace origin and where the storms of destruction whip the coasts but never the heart of the inland; we are from Buyan, the origin-abyss of order, Paradise Eden, the resting grounds for all enmities! The creation-blacksmiths and the propaganda ministry combined as one, totalitarianisms by definition: Buyan is the mysterious place beyond the clouds, mirage of the ocean-wastes: sailors have laid witness to it since the dawn of shipcraft itself; wayfarers and travelers, discoverers and pilgrims have supposed its existence, but only when the time has been right one has been alleged to be able to spot it. Even so, there is an ancient saying on the oceans; when there is good weather one might say: “the sky is so clear even Buyan is visible today”, or maybe “today we can see Buyan even!”. When sailors die on board, surrounded only by the epic eternities of water, the crew buries him at sea and traditionally wishes him a good lot in Buyan”.

“The pirates were big on their Buyan mythology, and for the royal navies indeed the similar was the case. For the soldiers at sea, Buyan represented that place beyond space and time where one goes after one has fallen in duty, proudly and honorably, at sea... yes, Buyan disappears and appears with the movements of the tides sailors and captains have it; and according to them, with the moon it breathes and with the sun it awakens.”



“In Buyan grows since time immemorial the mystical oak-tree in the middle of the walled garden which lies right in the center of the island. The wall is of stone and no modern hand erected it, but something alien and forgotten did so: it is tens of thousands of years old – the wall which keeps everything inside, in, and everything outside, out. All the waters of the lands are tributary to the root-system of this magnificent oak, subterranean califers all the way to Absu, and they run even beneath the oceans and mingle with the center of the earth; the roots are millionfold and they spread a hundred days journey in every direction. You see, therefrom we originate, that is true, but therein we did not choose to stay: our passions possessed us and our untamed spirits coerced movements in us we could not by sheer force of will resist; when we became gripped by the out-reaching hand of the innermost, nothing else mattered any longer; when we became caressed by the smooth wind of passion and when it filled our sails with force, we ruled our being at last. When our eyes lit up with the flames of inspiration, there was no longer anything we could do to fight it. *Amor Fati*. Passions are demons possessing us and we love these demons for without them we could not cherish life. Our voices travelled alongside the wind of discoveries and we chose to push further the bounds of old Buyan. We realized as the days rolled by us like omens and stormy weathers that we could no longer be contained therein, and much like poison-gas we found our way out of the canister through the tiniest and tiniest of all cracks; out seeped the treacherous nerve agent and our environs poisoned by the minute... the cattle of faith started to rush to the cliffs like their small lemmel cousins; the priesthood started to scrub their skin with sponges wet with regret and with guilt and the corner-pillars, the metaphysical underpinnings, of Buyan, stone-walled paradise garden, shook and twisted with its foundations with every word we spoke (for, after all, we keep the apocalypse-abomination in its tethers). The island became ruptured and ravaged with extreme gales, punishing floods, quakes that stirred even the fires of the earth-core... out seeped hatred, and we have since learned that one single word of hate in a paradise of unconditional love will bring it all to its knees: one simple word of critique in the idealist political utopia and the utopia fails dramatically with that very utterance. Similarly, one person denying the intrinsicality of fundamental value and the whole notion of intrinsicality becomes misfortuned with the turn of a moment... the vulgar phenomenology of existentialism lays an egg and out of this egg, nihilism hatches. We could not stand the zeitgeist for it pushed us to the edge of the house-top, and once we were pushed far enough, we took the leap ourselves out of boredom and in outrage! We fell towards the ground like stones – it was surely a campaign of suicide – but wings grew out of our backs and since that day we soar the sky like falcons or like eagles above the island Buyan: we were banished therefrom, and the Cherub with the burning sword was ordered once again to guard the

gates of paradise. we were disowned and rejected but they could not banish us from the skies, for we flew alongside the buzzards and the hawks...”

“Buyan was not for us. We had no place in paradise because we were no worshippers of the visible “God” they preached. We did not give unto this God altar-gifts of blissful ignorance and prayers of cute but helpless idealism... we were no servants of the idea of egalitarian homogeneity, and nor did we serve happiness nor communal dependence... it was a repulsive prospect for our future! We wanted noxious and savage battle and the ecstasies of heroic life! And they worshipped not God, but some false one.”

“For has not God proclaimed, as the first of many principles, and above all other moral or spiritual values in creation, the freedom, devotion, strength, mercy, honor, truth, bravery, justice and wisdom with which we properly map our own existential predispositions and the reality in which they have to function? And did not God tell us that there is nothing besides these values one ought to guard with such ire and anxiety? That there is nothing in creation of which one should be a stronger, more splendid guardian? Because, what attacks it are demons of Mammon and the Grand Duke Belial and all Enochian Watchers, and they are in deranged union with one-another, and they conspire against everything that is good... they ride the steppe under similar vexillology and with the same standards of sin and vice clutched in their rat hands... and behind them follow their many-pronged armies, auxiliaries, slaves and others forms and shapes of scum they have managed to conscript into their filthy, Godless ranks – either through seduction, false promise, terror, evil threats or some guileful, cunning combination of them all!”

“But we never engaged with those packs of sinners and derelicts”, the other sister said proudly. She coughed in her hand, some passion-blood had shot out, she did not care – she wiped it with her right middle-finger in a line just above the base of the nose upwards the forehead and her hair. She put her hands to the ground and arose in mystical feline posture, discharging some aural mist or some paranormal effluence in the short meanwhile. The animals fled, the birds chirped nervously and a blackening of the sky descended above, all over.

“We would never associate with the Mammon-folk...”

She looked me in the eye.

“We are the Zorza, and we walk the path of the existentialist: we have our own saints and heroes and we service them wisely but ardently, and we feel them in our hearts and we ask them for guidance... but we are the Zorza-sisters, and we worship nothing but the real God – and nothing shall in turn worship us! This is our greatest blasphemy and heresy against Buyan orthodoxy. We caused a

multitude controversy in our home-island as we spoke of our critique and of our opposition to the ethical-moral paradigm and theological dogma of Buyan. It was surely a summer-storm, one of unexpected havoc for the Buyan cultural hegemony... for this reason and some others, we got banned from the public arenas and from the squares. We had our materials seized by the secret police; it was called Securitate. We had our loved ones harassed by the law over petty transgressions and we had not longer the right to utter publicly a single lash of the tongue. Such was the freedom of Buyan, the bad faith of all bad faiths... we pursued authenticity and freedom instead of that synthetic low budget freedom they sold to us and the clueless Buyan folk!"

"As time went on, it was decided that we should be deported into the wilderness, and surely in the meantime did we receive our fair share of beatings and degradations, but that was a long time ago, and nowadays we possess the power and will to unleash the wolf upon them all, ever since we acquired the keys from the third king of Uruk at the crossroads between the steppe-wastes and the Cedar Forest; thenceforth we contemplated with ardency our planning for the future, for we held the golden staff of terrorism and we swung it so that it tore shreds to the dome of the sky: nowadays, all should be wise in fucking with us, for we tether the burning wolf Simargl! Be forewarned. Take notice and go on with caution: nowadays, there is still a flame burning slowly but sturdily in our hearts, and our blood of vengeance is boiling hot like in the cast iron cauldron. We want to lay waste to Buyan, our dreams circle like preying animals around the thought of it. Our glorias shine with the ecstasy of destroying something beautiful; wherever we look and whatever we dream, holocaust-spires, death-obelisks, apocalypse-pylons; damnation-towers can we see! Yes, consider this the declaration of war: we shall carry out a coordinated and well-orchestrated terrorism campaign on the island of our upbringing, Buyan: we hate it and we want the seas to rise upward as to devour the holy island: we admit this and we will not change our minds. The berries we have plucked in the forbidden area of the forest will help us in achieving this, for where you set camp, lone wanderer, is where the nights are longer than the days and where the wolves smite human flesh with the teeth of primordial predation; not one inhabitant of Buyan could ever transgress the outer boundaries and walk about the forbidden area of the forest without having being stricken with the terrifying lightning of mortal fear: all knows this, and we are force-fed this propaganda with the milk of our beloved mothers: no-one travels to the forbidden areas, yet all knows it, has been told it."

She looked me in the eye again deeply, passing the black oil pipe with a cough of thick smoke obfuscating her beauty but for a moment feeling sempiternal.

“You are the culprit of your own demise! And like that are they... and they chose to suppress their darkness, and with it they chose to rouse the scaled one from her depths... when the full-moon strikes like a clock the hour of midnight on Friday one week from now, we shall unleash Simargl, and Simargl, bloody hell-hound, surely will be you and within you and behind you and before you. Simargl growls and roars with the fluctuations of your inner quakings, do you not understand? The Buyans are such stupid folk. Don't they understand that they cultivated the apocalypse with every seed they stuck into the soil and with every buffalo they managed to hunt down? For socio-cultural entropy is part of the algorithm of human behavior. It is the accountability of the Buyans, the shitty methodology with which they manage their inner affairs: Buyan brought its own darkness like a blanket upon itself to fend off the cold and dark of the night – the vicious, spiteful sarcasm to end all other sarcasms!”.

## **XII. Love & Friendship**

I am overcome with emotion and the girls smile. They thaw a hoarfrost of being within me I did not even know existed, and umbelliferous flowers unfold their petals beautifully deep in the valves of my heart. No longer I feel angst and skepticism, amotivation and dejection... I feel protected by a presence and I am not alone – spirits whirl around me and I have become pregnant with the contents of mushroom-clouds absconding with the smog of personality, my own explosion! My feet feel very heavy and for the first time I reckon that the two sisters seem weary, tired and distraught as well. It is basically the first time they rest to any significant extent. It has not happened before. Surely, they have exercised the Nikean stamina through these inhospitable woodlands!

We stop to rest at a big cairn; we sit down on dank stones. They tell me of their childhood and their upbringing. It is an interesting story and it calms me, and no longer feel I this urgent sense of fear and skepsis; I feel homely. And I listen: the girls had stood up against order and had refused passionately to adapt to their surroundings; they were *authentics* and also, it seems to me, extremists. All things considered after all, this is no strange thing for any growing and evolving adolescent... rebellion is a natural part of it all... but the militantly radical antics they adopted surely was a foreshadowing of a spiritual and ethical insurgency far outreaching the bounds of some mere teenage rebellion: indeed, they were the subject of monitoring from various intelligence agencies and secret police surveillances until they successfully threatened with the destruction of the Divine Fire (they controlled it; it was their birth-right) had the harassment not ended in convenience with their eighteenth birthdays. This was surely a defeat for Buyan authorities, because they cowered to the terms the

sisters had stipulated, afraid they would release all hell's fire-imps upon them should they fail to do so. Such was the profound respect the sisters had been given along with other various heredities of their birth – the island of Buyan, their home island, spawned the Zorza, the two sisters, and treated them well like princesses. After all, it was in their mythic duty to keep the wolf shackled at bay – but they grew all too big for their little bird-cages they had around them, for holy fire always melt iron bars... consider it a parable: power should never travel down genealogies and authority should never be inherited by anyone; it should be earned! The Zorza did not want to execute authority over some undefined, abstract “paradise” – they wanted to strife for authority over themselves. Over no-one else and over no-thing else. They did never give a shit about the greater good of Buyan, and that was the seed of the schism between them and their home. They told me how they grew up with fan-posters of rock-stars such as Eve, Rabi'a of Basra, Lalleshwari, Christine de Pizan, Jeanne D'arc, Mother Lü, and Goddess Eris in their teenage bedrooms, and how they had carved and sculpted figurines of Al-lat, Al-'Uzzá and Manat, the three patron goddesses of the Pagan Arabs, which they had placed thoughtfully atop their wooden altars, beautiful shrines of worship embellished with carnelian and lapis lazuli! I behold them in vision, and I rarely can muster a single word when something of their beauty befalls me: the sisters look moderate albeit cosmically beautiful, but they are quite anonymous in their physical presentations: do not get me wrong, they can easily turn the head of every man down a busy street, but never would one think anything other of them than that they are indeed two mere, ordinary girls, fathered by a father; mothered by a mother... and they appreciate this. Holy work gets worked on in the shadows, not on the lustrous stages of amphitheaters, they scoff. They find something valuable in their anonymity – like true martyrs, ascetics, authentics, artists and mystics all do. “Fuck the actors of the big stage and the pompous directors of them; give your praise rather to the terrorists of religion than to the enjoyers of it”, one concluded. The other one stared and nodded.

Growing up, they carried the yoke of expectations. Neither one of them wanted to assume the tedious work of diplomacy nor did any of them feel rather comfortable in the garbs of Buyan ambassadors; they ploughed their soil with the oxen that had wandered alongside whole genealogies and they became so fucking sick and tired of the weight of history so that they rebelled against their lineage and they slit the cords to their families; they cut the massive rope that tied the galleon of dutiful apprehensions to its dock! Yes, this is the story of how two ordinary girls discovered their innermost powers and how they learned to cultivate them, and how they dared tread the path of the existentialist and how they found me astray in some desolate part of the forest and this is the story of how they took me along – for we are the same – onward to the gates of Buyan,

paradise of heaven! This is the story of how the holy fire was stolen from the walled garden, carried out into the wilderness passionately, ignited paradoxically with the cold and thick absence of darkness, then returned to set the fundamentals of their world aflame... for the sisters were the Mistresses of the Flame: in the ancient Aksumite lands, they have been venerated timelessly as Great 'Esato (which is the word for *fire* in the tongue of Amhara), for the Zorza hold in their hands the keys that unlock the fire-beast from its pit-hole. Likewise, the archetype they represent can be found in the farthest corners of the cultural world, from the north American Inuit to the Yaghan tribes of the South Cone, and their homeland, the *terra del fuego* (land of fire), which is called so because of the many fires the tribesmen lit on the beaches as the first European man approached with his magnificent ship... the Zorza-sisters is also in the fire of the ancient Iranian Zoroastrian magicians and they are in the halo around the burning skull of Agni, ancient Hindu deity of fire. The Zorza is in the Sacred Fire of Vesta and every other eternal flame that ever burned, and the two girls is in the fire the Aryans leap over in their anticipatory embrace of the forthcoming year at Newroz. And it is they who wield the sword of Androktasiai in every battle of human history, for the Greek deity, feminine archetype of manslaughter, gave them their fighting swords as accolades of initiation. It is they who kill the beasts of the forest and the wicked goat-people of the mountains: the heads of Nemean lions have been impaled on stakes all around their dwelling-places...

Both the Zorza, the Morning Star and the Evening Star, had daughters on their own, they told me: Velea and Mavia respectively. Velea was of Germanic descent, a prominent prophetess and priestess amongst the Bructeri and Batavi peoples of the north-central Germanic lands; she led many military campaigns against their Roman invaders. Mavia was a warrior-queen of Arab descent, swift in her military prowess, achieving unity and igniting inspiration and communion amongst many nomadic tribespeople against the Roman occupation in what is modern southern Syria; after reaching the frontiers of the Egyptian lands through enduring and resilient military offensives, and having brought humiliation and the loss of many men upon the Roman occupiers, they finally sealed an embarrassing truce with her on conditions she herself proudly and spinefully stipulated... such was her character and for it she cements herself in the museums of the history of human resilience as a glorious incarnation of the She-Wolf, majestic Inanna, goddess of warfare and love...

Both Velea and Mavia were beloved by their mothers. Despite this, they were the grievous fruits of fatherless upbringings: the Morning Star had stolen the semen of some Germanic tribal leader she had been infatuated with many moons ago during adventurous and sybaritic enterprises of her youth. According to the sisters, she seldom talks of it nowadays though; it must be an important and

heavy an episode to her. One of the sisters (I could not tell them apart) said that she had only mentioned the name of her daughter's father but once, and she did so then with the tone of saudade caressing her spine, carried by chills of icy, resentful emotions. It was a pivotal event when she did; the air electrified.

The Evening Star, on the other hand, had masturbated viciously the leader of a Tanukh tribe in the drunken sleep after he had raped her. She saved the semen in a small glass jar and a hundred moons later she sent her daughter to avenge the rape he had committed. That night, he died with the thrust of the scimitar, eye-locked with his only daughter staring with the iris of requital and violent revenge.

Praise the Lord!

Praise now the Lord in the Highest.

That revenge, it was something of beauty and sanctity. That night, he got a good taste surely of the bitter fruit-nectars of his brutal, coerced expiation, his Saracen blood spurting outward in the fountaineous fashion from the hole in his sand-colored body! Later, Mavia and her mother celebrated: they fed the body of the father to Simargl, the mighty hellhound, whom had not been fed for weeks or months, and they scoffed and taunted every bypassing man on the streets of their home that night. That night was a night of witchery and female vitriol! No-one was safe that night... Veleda on the other hand took a more pragmatic stance in the question of her father: she had even visited him later as she had grown to the warrior-queen we all nowadays know her to be: they even battled rebellions against the Romans together, forging a copper-strong bond on the fearsome frontlines: surely, Veleda loved her father. Surely, Mavia hated her father...

\* \* \*

On one particularly calm and mild night, one of the girls tells me a story, an interesting and eerie kind of parable before we go to sleep. The moon is bright and we had lost count many times trying to count the stars on the bed of the night – such was the clarity of the cosmic darkness this evening.

She goes: “It so happens in the stranger episodes of the continuum, as if a blaze above the ashes of dull monotony, that a whale dies in the shallower waters and so sinks like a heavy stone of flesh, a hundred tonnes of flesh, to the floor of the bathyal zone. When the majestic carcass of the whale so hits the bottom of the sea, it creates an enormous and very complicated ecological system that may thrive for decades: the carcass of the remembered cetacean, the mighty colossus

of the ocean, will rot at the speed of insomnia because it is so cold there down on the bottoms with its pitch-blackness, with its scarcity of sophisticated life and with its freezing and paralyzing temperatures: it will thence become like a great church of decay where the priesthood of the seafloors, these acne on the face of the very depths, will come to genuflect: yes, the whole cadaver, as it has fallen from the shallower waters, will come to nurture, feed and supply the sustenance for the small beasts of the abyss for a long time: abyssal crabs; hagfish; abominable isopods and monstrous bristle worms may all pay their dues to this flesh-cathedral of the abyss: when this so happens, it is called a whale-fall, which is an oceanographically well-studied phenomenon, actually. It rarely happens in shallower waters though, since the cadaver will be scavenged by larger bottom-feeders accustomed to warmer, brighter waters and the process of decomposition and deconstruction will so be swifter; it will not demand as much time because of the relative warmth of the shallower seafloors.” I did not say a word, I just listened. She continued almost without pause, but with a big sigh. “And is not the ocean much like our minds, and does not the phenomenon of the whale fall mirror and metaphorically parallel a very typical reality of our human mind? Like this: when the largest trauma dies off at the surface of our minds, we have no problem with letting it sink to the greatest chasm of the ocean as to forget it, masochize is cognitively it as not to rise again, but the deeper the whale fall, the longer lasting it will be, and of course, the shallower, the faster it will be devoured. The greatest of traumatizing experiences will fall the heaviest, and to the deepest bottom, where they stink not so much to the surface, but where they remain like a different world in itself for long times... I think it is a beautiful allegory of how we compartmentalize and organize our memorial past: we trick ourselves into believing that if the whale falls deep enough, we will not know it is there and we will not be affected by it... and our memories are like these whales. It is not the psychic matter on the shallower seafloor that will remain and thrive and alter the ecology of its surroundings – that is what happens down the deeper depths. It is the memory we most of all want to forget that creates its own eco-system around it and it is that memory which we cannot see nor verbally describe, which will lure the most diverse scavenging forces to its heart, bleating and throbbing as it is down there, on the frozen great bottom of the deepest and most inhospitable watery abyss, which is the human soul.”

I coughed from the strong hashish and the other girl, whom have remained silent through-out the ranting, looked at me seriously and asked: “Can you taste man's extinction on your pallet on dire days?”. I answered that I could indeed. She nodded and closed the inquiry with affirmation: “me too”. After this question, which seemed spontaneous and derailed, some silence ensued. I passed the pipe



withershins — as was the deliberate wish of the Zorya, lest they refused to smoke from it — and, through the haze and the smoke she continued: “It is of decisive importance not to mistake ourselves about the nature of God. Those who are serious about it can get to grips with the seeming reality of matters, which is a hard reality, extremely warm and punishingly cold at the same time. To be with God is to be bound to a bed of nails made of cotton. They are nice — yet you bleed. To be simple: the thing and the phenomenon we call God is so much more than the merest dumping-site of your deep-psyche garbage... I cannot stress it enough: God is neither a benevolent father nor a psychiatrist at your service, and indeed God is not made of solace, or love, or anything only like that. That stuff belongs to the playgrounds of theology where the children can play as they please with it. Meanwhile, those who feel the calling from the depths starts to pick up on its transcendence and its potential of ecstasy beyond happiness, of its essence of numinosity and existential magic. The Divine runs with the blood of love; it breathes with the oxygen of murder and it sleeps with nightmares the very way foul, nasty men sleep with prostitutes.”

The pipe was empty and had to be refilled. They pondered my offering to take part in a Lyrica sacrament and soon accepted to my very delight, and 300 milligrams of the Holy substance entered their strong, white bodies, and we rejoiced and hugged over this. The monologue soon re-commenced. We smoked some more as soon as the pipe had been re-filled. One of the girls looked upward as she sucked and coughed on the wooden pipe, sighing heavily. She burst out: “We shall continue with this easy chatting and drug-smoking in but a moment, dear child, but I need doing one thing. Stare into my eye and heed me”. I did. A few seconds of silence. She looked down for a moment, her hands palming the moss of a great and heavy stone.

"I'll follow you two anywhere, just you let me", I then said.

### **XIII. A Grave Mass for a Mass Grave**

A sister speaks — I listen.

"I must tell you that I think God is ugliness, and that, at the same, God is the very beauty around that ugliness, and from it as if nurtured ouroborically, it blooms. The decrepitude of spirit and the alienation of the soul, what was called the dark night of the soul by St. John of the Cross, is symptomatic to the problematic origin of the human, for God withdrew in order to create her: he had to. I spoke about this earlier too, and I consider St. Simone Weil to be my

teacher on these matters. She spoke to me about this in person, and with great enthusiastic detail – I met her once in her native France. From that meeting, her theology of the origin of the human soul stuck to me like honey or like sugar, and I hold it in strong belief these days”.

She laid down on a moss-stone with her legs relaxing on the ground. Her eyes flickered, she was getting intoxicated and she looked much like Tomyris herself with beautiful gaze of aggression, those dark eyes aflame in white sockets... and she concluded, brazen and to the point – “Simone was indeed beautiful to me”. After it, she sighed and passed the pipe of hashish to her sister , convoluting the conversation once again in a serene silence which endured for some minutes. Out of nothing and after having had her eyes closed for the better half of a minute, she spoke again, presumably, I thought, having had enough time to collect her hurricane-thoughts in a manner as to convey them humanly. “Have you ever felt that perfect balance between challenge and passion? Or have you pursued something with the greatest enthusiasm, with a hunger to learn and to master? I am most sure you have!”

"Yes", I said.

"I know you have. You are built like that. Then, imagine the smile and voice of your lover, the devotional enthusiasm to a purposeful passion, whatever captures your attention – if these things are indeed not profoundly meaningful, then what? They are flowers of some far away land, blooming from some otherworldly source. They must be, it feels like it! That is how I think of it, however. I think. Sometimes at least!"

"Yes, God is the *via negativa* of everyday life. God is surely a "God of the gaps", and contrary to popular perception this is not a counter-argument against the existence of God which so many people seem to believe, but indeed, as far as I am concerned anyway, it is the very definition of it all – the endless negative theology! Kierkegaard was right – the essence of God is the unprovability of God! That is the point... "

"In the jungle of theology, all is a night of danger. Everywhere is misconception, everywhere are ghosts of panic and doubt-demons sowing confusion! I am so sick and tired of people propagating their “love and solace” hippie “God”... Because our God is brandishing the scepters of both Love... and of Terror! And questions to God rightfully addressed always rise like flowers from soil where the corpses are buried!"

"My dear friend, I would like to ask you: do you think we can acquire knowledge of the existence of, and even experience this world which we call esoteric, this world which we talk about highly and kingly with our whole

vocabularies of adoration and anointment, this religious frequency of reality which is constituted immaterially, and which, as a natural effect of this, is obfuscated Gnostically in the libraries of human experience? I think yes, but you should give it a thought yourself. That is the love I can give to you, fellow traveler. And can we anchor ourselves in those mysterious waters while at the same time sink like a grey stone to the bottom of its ecstasies? Can we transcend flesh while at the same time remain incorporated in, and attuned with, the realities of the human body? And in extension to this, is there a consciousness that exists beyond our human corporeal embodiments, or are we, as conscious beings, bonded until death, not dichotomized but coalesced with the undissolvable rigidity of the material? May we flee it while we still have life or, are we doomed to flesh until we cease? I do not know. What do you think?"

I did not answer, and she barely took time to even register some response of mine before she continued the captivating and attractive harang, but I could not be upset with her – I honestly love her. I loved both of them.

"I have observed over the course of many centuries that the human element in us aspires to authenticize, and those who fail in these aspirations fail also in life as a whole. They may become wealthy and famous and with lots of prestige, but in the court of God they look destitute, with ragged clothes and a mumbled, tongue-parched jargon. Scoffed at, subject of leering ridicule in hallways – tables turned!"

I opened my mouth: "Wolves in sheep-clothing. Losers in winner-clothing. Same shit, different animal, right?"

I was nervous, but my observation felt true and it hit home as well:

"Yes, exactly like that. And I must say, by the way: life is not for everybody. Some people really should just consider killing themselves".

She looked sad as she said it, but not without the glimpse of sarcastic self-confidence I had over the lapse of not many but long days become used to seeing in her. She continued, though with some tendency of increased lightness, with a mysterious Monalisaean smile: "We may ask God – but we may never know if we get an answer from God... what an endless, spiritual frustration! And in my somber moments I always ask, of course without an expectation of response, if there really is a garden to the east of Eden out there in Nod, the harsher badland, where Cain built his hut out of clay, grew his gardens from nothing into something, planted his seeds and ploughed his soil, while ripening all around a blossoming nature, breathing with the fair oxygen of immanence? And I ponder if God is in any way materialized. If so, surely, that is where I should be... where God is indeed to be found in matter; where God *matters in matter*. And that is where I should live my life — and what a sacred beauty it would be to do so! The garden of Nod... surely it can outcompare even the Babylonian botany, with its beautiful, scendent flowerwork, the awesome vines of glorious

king Hammurabi clinging and climbing about all over the city-walls? The land of Nod weeps over the garden so luscious with the *hebenon* and paved with the glistening moonstone, fountained with the wine as old as death – the wine gurgling upforth from the mouth of the abyss!

"Will the Lord's carrion-flower breathe anew with its reek of transcendence, and if so, will death even die with its unfold?

"Land of Nod, dark waste of wildest Nod — will I hurt my feet on the nettles and the thistles of truth? Yeah, probably, almost surely, I will hurt my feet, and you will too, my friend, if you continue to follow with us — for not even Dante's footsteps are longer visible in the mud before us! Did you notice it? None has travelled farther than we have, and now: can I make the case that it is not easy to philosophically disprove or discredit or refute the idea that the quantum of the human experience is the religiosity with which we map reality, and that religiosity at its fundaments, the founding stones of it, is the belief that there is something, somewhat, somewhere out there in the unknown, partly or wholly attainable — introducible — to us?"

I tell her not a single word. My head hurts. Her head probably hurts too, but it is a better look on her. I say to her eventually that I hope time shall reveal the answers to them, so that they may bring its wisdoms back as swords to Buyan... I then fall silent. She does not follow my example.

"Maybe those of us who are no longer in fear of dying and those of us who have already thrown their eyes to the well could lay some kind of founding groundwork to all of this, and dig the defensive trenches around what has then become ours, and train our troops ardently for combat with the dragon of the Divine; maybe these people could erect the magnificent pylons, the massive pyramids, the gold-eyed obelisks, the signaling fires — watchtowers of a light even the prophets can see from death, a light that shines through the deadness of past and present things with the strength of all potential epistemological axioms of the future man, and we could call it the numinous experience, for it would be surely as terrible as captivating... the knowledge of, insight in, and conscious connect with transcendental reality, the sword that clove the camel's back... for there they are to be found: the awesome revelations of *subjective passionism*, the mystical motivations of the Hero, esoteric as they are; the deep psychological milestones, the spectrum of undeniable and unneglectable phenomena imprinting on the iconostasis of all your holy temples, they stir havoc in the waters of disquiet and shake us to the ground with their gales; every pilgrim of God lose footing for a second, and every pilgrim of God fall about frontward in a stupor of drunken ecstasy, but not from wine but from passion: a passion is a steppe-waste, and you become yourself a cute fire in the raging nights covering it, and since this happens your enemy will travel after you at the speed of insomnia through the deepest and holiest night of slumber, the sleep of

religious morphinism; at this point, you could never disconnect the traumata; the black muck of love would start spilling out of everything you touch by that point, and an ascendant through the angelic auras of vermillion and purple you would become...”

“Now! Crown yourself a rightful prophet to God, and you bathe in the martyrdom it presents as an existential possibility — I call you Gilgamesh, for here you are: a lapis lazuli-embellished majesty, a Hero: *Shūtur eli sharrī* — *Sha naqba īmuru* — the witness, the great witness, he who sees the deepest, you become, and in your honor the remembrance of Gilgamesh is commemorated! He who first rebelled like a peasant with the heart of iron! He who first felt bondage! He who gnawed the rope with his bare teeth and he who aspired to claim the tablet of his destiny – and so did!”

## **XIV. The Zorzan Tongue**

Nowadays, we never settle for more than a night at the time. We do not say much at all; they have made it very clear to me that, respectfully, of course, that, to them, constant talking is not necessarily to be equated with valuable communication. They are not big talkers. Suits me fine, though it makes me nervous and self-aware, I can admit. They are of Zoryan blood and they have told me about the customs and the ways of their homeland, of their culture. The Zoryans use words as a means of intimacy. Only gutterfolk hug strangers with words, they say. Communication is very important to them, and to me as well, so we unite, dance around that little fire together. And it feels fine in my heart. Every time they talk to me, I light up. It feels an honor now. A fine Zoryan woman will not spoil any man with many words at all, lest she fancies, respects him deeply. Cold, calculated pleasantries are reserved for folk they are estranged to. They would rather not waste a single beautiful word on an ugly person - and that is their way of business. I dare anyone to change their ways, or to propose another approach to them! Prepare to get struck by deadly lightning... she will be a Dracul to the Turks to those people, punishing them with joy...

Very dismissive of strangers; very, very loving of lovers. It takes some getting-used-to, but I love their style. They tell me we communicate emotively and spiritually, and I believe them. Because I feel it myself. So often times they are very silent. And some days when they speak, they only tell me obscure and abstract statements, as if they spoke in only poetic metaphors and philosophical epigrams. I love it, but it is confusing. A bit schizoid at times, I thought (I have experience with personality-split and psychotic people so I recognize that very odd, bizarre and distinct jargon of madness) – but I, at least in part, fathom the

wisdom of their foggy but pretty sayings... so I still ask my questions – they must ring in their ears like the annoying chatter of a beggar's teeth!

But somehow, they accept me. For some reason, they adopt me, take me in. I am sorry, but I need to know! I need to suck them dry of knowledge!

The Morning and the Evening Star. Such beauties! They spoke not my tongue but theirs – and I understood every word! It was all very weird, but I no longer struggled with the communicative aspects of our already profound relations... and the words flowed out of me, I spoke the tongue of the Zorza with class and with finesse and I do it to this day with sophistication and I have always been hungry to learn more! The tongue of Zorza, the language isolate immemorial... and it is a weird but pretty language, obscure to me until the moment I fully understood it with the blink of a tiger's eye: it is full of swaying diphthongs and triphthongs that flow about slowly and create ligament and tendon to long words ripe with many different meanings at once. It has a hissing, mysterious phonologic aura to it; vibrant and free-flowing... the speculations of the layman linguist such as myself would draw to the consonant-heavy harsh-soundingness of the Slavic tongues, particularly perhaps the western ones. It is reminiscent to some degree to old proto-Polish, although it is way denser with vowels, so it could not be that. As I mentioned, the triphthongal words are rather a standard variety than a hidden curious oddity – it is in this regard completely different from, say, Polish, or even Belarusian which I also considered... yet it definitely sounds Slavic. But it is different in some fundamental elements from everything I have heard before – the strange, random and loose syntax with which they construe their sentences was alien to me for the longest time, and the melodies and intonations they interweave into their speech are underpinned with a lot of emotion; it is almost as if emotion is a constitutional part of the language itself: they spit and throw ugly words, and they make love to beautiful ones... their language exacerbated my infatuations and I am now in love: they tell me their stories over new camp-fires every night as we slowly but steadily penetrate deeper and deeper into the woodland. I am so impressed by their experience and how they are centuries old, having lived through the birth and maturation of cultures and also having been the first to call out the symptoms of their dilapidations and collapses... but at the same time – and nevertheless – they are idealistic and radical adolescents, still passionate, still imbued with stern granite values and the wolfish hunger for change... and the energy and strife with which they chase their goals sets aflame an old match I had forgotten somewhere inside myself... and I feel empowered by it all!

Yes, it is true – now I speak Zorzan, and now I must dig deeper. Forgive me, sisters, but you opened Pandora's box. I cure the tameness of my native tongue with the antidote as controversial in offense as it is uproarious in its potency, and I make use of this, my new language – Zorzan! – the language of wildfire!

And I speak it from my cracked lips, dry from the deserts of thought that I have wandered! I whip and lash spastically mediocrity in its boring face and I cut the grains in half for all the children to eat... but I place the fire of mortality therein so as to rouse the beasts within them! They care for me, and they smile with soft lips. Laughs and giggles caress me. In fact, they look even prettier now, shredded as their clothes are, with their tangled hair like old fishing meshes, bluish cold fingers, snot-lipped and stained with mashed berries... it seems they are very sober in this inhospitable milieu – as if this is their spiritual habitat... and it is so beautiful, the thought of it all. Again – I praise the Lord for it!

## **XV. Passions of Noble *Zorzan* Blood**

She takes a breath, a deep one. Then she exhales. Hashish vapor forms cloudy aesthetics of love and beauty, and I believe that there is something great in there. She says:

“We seem to be equipped with intense spiritual instincts, for we pursue the idea of a personal transformation: we iconize the mythologem of the Hero even in the hammersmiths of our modern entertainment industries, and it is a thread running through our collective millennia. simply put, we worship human power and potential, achievement and discipline. We have instincts which, in their true meaning and unspoiled purpose draws us nearer to our religious origin and to our final dwelling (for these are same things). And they may inspire us not to stray from our brazen path we have chosen for ourselves (in consultation with God), and, these instincts, when filtered and transformed through the mind and the personality of the individual, comes to act as catalysts of Heroic ego-mythical actualization. This opens portals to the transformation, and transcendence into the mysteriousness which we ought to call the Divine. And what a finding it would be. Don't you think?”

"Throw a pitcher of water on a boulder and see the boulder react with bravado; nothing happens! Have drops of water drip on a very point of that same boulder, day and day and day and day again – and that boulder has hole now. There is a time and place for intensity and brute force, but disconnected and erratic intensity is next to worthless and potentially dangerous. Intensity must always grow out of – and build on – consistency: what really matters is consistency. That is why discipline is key to basically everything humans strive toward. Everyone can be a hero or a saint for a day; that is doable. But for a week, for a month, for a year, for a whole life? ... Discipline is only a prison for those looking at it from the outside. For everyone within, it is the only key to freedom and meaning there ever was."

“We live in an absurd, fantastic and crazy world, but the individual connect with the Divine is still the most acute miracle we can – but vaguely – describe. It even outcompares and transcends the marvels of human discovery and all the most amazing of our artefacts and technologies: the cultivation of fire, the book pressing technique, the discovery (*invention?*) of electricity; the mapping of evolutionary natural selection, our capacity for space travel and exploration... all this seems not much beside the great mystery – what are these things next to the experience of the Divine? I say, not much. And the experience of the Divine imposes a radical war of paradigm on everyone with heart arrogant enough muster courage for it... most would perish I am sure, but a few can persevere in the breath of the Lord – we call them martyrs, for they witnessed, and with testimony they returned. The question to every individual is: can you tolerate the truths of the true Religion – will they imbue you with the strength of the jaguar-warrior – or will it exterminate you like you would the louse or the rat, as if a filthy nuisance, some itching inconvenience?”

“Lousy, lowly human!” she yelled out. “You live an animal's life, beyond quaintness and the grace of soul! You despise your every single action yet there is no action you can undertake in order to stop the evil cycle. You are addicted to leisure and pleasure; everything hurts you; everything tires you. You know what is wrong and you know what is right, yet you choose what is wrong and only dream of the other. By matter of existential consequence, your names will be forsaken by the minds of men before your flesh has even rotted to black in its coffin; history rarely minds mediocrity; it is so indifferent to it, it does not even try to cease it or somehow banish or reduce it; rather, the ever-flow of stupidity's stream run like a river of liquid gold and honey through the ages! Yet mediocrity merely accumulates and mediocrity never pays; the lights in the darkness of time spark with your very absence from them; your contribution to human history is on the wrong side of it. And you cannot bolt – there is no escape – by drowning yourself in the filthy vomit-buckets of modernism, for in the very modernism you find some manner of hedonic repose, streams a bug, some parasite no man can shake easily, and we call it the maggot of existentialism... For no human, not even one knee-deep in this offal, one stench by the foul emesis and buried under the debris of our age, can rather withstand what bubbles upward from within her: the fierce indignation of being there on the bottom; the eternal dream of something greater; of dignity; of integrity; of autonomy! Visions of glory, zeal and valor burn in the iris of the human! And what is not blessed in this world, but the insatiability of human ideation! And the dignity of the human struggle, ever so valiantly erected as it is! Fear! Guilt! Punishment comes! A prayer for eternal solace! I must believe that man and woman of every color, every creed, every flag and every tongue



have this within them – otherwise, I am afraid, there is not much to humanity I can rather hope to be saved when the Day of Judgement comes!"

"With much ease corralled and flocked. Sheared and cuddled with when needed. Chastised when horny, and beat when unruly. Enfeebled by the comfort of material saturation and incapacitated by the forced nobility of pacifism. Seduced and made filthy by Mammon's gorgeous succubae. Welcomed home by imps of addiction and the *djinn* of indulgence and gluttony. Caressed by ghostly hands of loneliness-spirits, recognized only by others failing themselves to be recognized. Parsimonious in wealth they are, and hoarding false wisdoms they do. Clowning themselves with their modern equivalents of Elizabethan collars, chastity-belts and ruffs and parading haughtily their courtshiplike displays of jargon and posturing and not much else, they look ridiculous to the outsider and to the commoner. Smiling wide on self-indulgent photographs alongside hungered, ravished children, smiling broadly with mouths full of dentures of gold and ivory, they play the modern game – a game of virtue without substance. The display of virtue rather than the embodiment of it. This is the new era. They are slaves, slaves who deserve their shackled bondage. They are cynics, cynics who deserve their pugnacious, self-devouring culture!"

"Did you learn nothing in your fancy academy? Don't speak to me about courage or valual priorities! I do not want to hear of the anatomies from the dock-worker; I do not want to hear of the butchering of sheep from some priest somewhere; I do not want to hear the lectures of self-important new-age preachers about exploring inner darkness, and I certainly do not want some swollen, pork-skinned scholar from the phrontistery to reproach me on matters of honor and valor! You can teach me nothing of bravery, or friendship or about how to love a woman. Your words and your theses and your idealism works only here – here may be peace, here may be hegemony under your rotten vexillology, but nowhere else. You are sanctimonious in your opposition to violence regardless of the crime of the perpetrator. Frolicking in peace and love, caressing one another with dumb idealist illusions must be sweet and cozy – no doubt about that. Yet it is a weak way of life, a most human pestilence of thoughts and acts, a disastrous and respondent attitude. There is no matter about it, no debate to be had! With a thick, smothering shroud of many billions of people covering the surface of the earth, with all their wills and voices joining in discontent murmurs of dissatisfaction and their thirst for leisure and standard, pacifism has gone extinct before it really even started to breathe. There is no way this will end, or even continue about, peacefully!"

"It is a culture erected on the hills of skulls of heroes, but a culture completely inept to foster any new ones. They despise history and do not want to learn it, because history is a bright white light, a blinding, brutal radiance. Amidst hordes of flummoxed faces and within the community of doxies, thieves and

dishonest jesters, one loses rapidly the grip on things, for he who belongs to the group struggles to detect and identify the nature of that which weakens it from within.”

“I strongly doubt that the majority, by the simple fact that it is a majority, can direct human society with brilliance and greatness over sustained periods of time. I think there is an immutable and ultimately – for the individual – beneficial inequality in the world, an inequality that appears as mysterious and esoteric in nature as it appears immutably defaulted. And I would say: inequality does not necessitate the solidification of it. It can also, in principle, allude to the mobility and fluidity of its hierarchies. It can very well propose that the individual has some level of mobility across spectrums of possibility and success, and that this mobility is indeed cherished and applauded as a very function of inequality; a well-serving mechanism of it, a feature – not an error.”

“The only thing I can see democracy doing, over longer stretches of history, decrepit as it lies today in sludgy sewers of modernity, is giving the people it so eagerly governs the illusion of jurisdiction and the balance of powers; of democratic process; of suffrage and of many beautiful modern rights. Democracy is rather built on the idea that sovereignty is handed over to the people, but what really happens is that the true mechanisms and effects of power becomes obfuscated behind the smoke-screen? From concealed and ultimately failing forces the democratic project bellows its smoke.”

“They fail to account for the underlying tectonics of history when imagining and utopianizing the future, and they scoff and spit at the libraries, these irredivivous accumulations of the human wisdoms! Why can they not cede that tradition is multi-dimensional? Tradition has been a tool of oppression, it is true, but as well the very wheel which turns the tide of time and anchors it to history; to our historiography. We pin down the human condition by trapping it under the heavy weights of history as if trapping a bird in cage as to let it scream from therein. Yes – tradition is multi-dimensional. Tradition – in many respects oppressive, gruelling and insensitive to the eyes and ears of modern man and to man of history alike – is nevertheless of fundamental importance to everything we call and feel Holy, and it encapsules what is worthy of defense until no man stands anymore! And your pitiful attempts at philosophizing away the existential absolute of such a notion is dangerously stupid, also ridiculous and frustrating. Tradition is a hammer and there are plenty of heads to crush and there are plenty of nails to nail as well. Tradition is an essentially human behavior and a deduction of man's conditioning in material-scientific reality and as well beyond it. On the matter of what is beyond it though, much and almost none can be said – that mystery devours all.”

“A man who is indifferent to history and tradition is a man without hearing, without sight. Such a man can live, of course — but what a life?”

I smiled. It must have looked awkward and stale – because it was. I was lost for words.

“I am sorry for our babbling... are you finished with the pipe?” Yes, I said. “Let us continue.”

We did, and without much wording. It was as if they had completely emptied themselves of words and thoughts. Something happened there, maybe I got too close. I can't know for sure. And yes, a couple of days later, one early morning, they were gone. Yes, just like that. Gone. I was devastated and it took me many pills and many days to overcome it. I heard later they succeeded in unleashing the frantic wolf Simargl over the Buyan island. Now they are free somewhere, and I hope I shall meet them in the future of things.

## **XVI. Love & Beauty Never Dies**

And so, that was my first meeting with the Heavenly Daughters of Solar King Dadžbóg, the two *Zorza*, also known as the *Zorya*, the Morning and the Evening Star; my beautiful cohorts and friends. All luck and power be to them, I love them both. My beautiful Morning Star, and my beautiful Evening star.

Down with Buyan forever, and praise hail the sisters, the strong, the beautiful! I dream of them dearly to this very day.

God bless them, Praise the Lord, Amen. Praise the Lord with Zeal & Humility ! And Praise the Heavenly Daughters of the Solar King !

## **They love me and I love them!**

And I shall not disappoint them, amen, for I shall bequeath their name and legacy to the typhoon of time as to immortalize it, memorialize it. And through my works and my actions I shall revere them as saints and best of friends, and as rightful worshippers of the Inanna cult, yes – right by my glorious and powerful side!

Strife and will! Love and beauty! Strength,  
health and devotion! With God and victorious  
weapons to the glorious death forevermore !!!!!!!